The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XV NO. 5 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1936 TEN CENTS A COPY

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ARNOLD GENTHE—A SELF-PORTRAIT

"In the San Francisco fire he lost every possession, save his Chinatown pictures . . . of which Will Irwin had prophetically said, 'You really ought to keep these plates . . . Some day the whole city will burn up.'" . . .

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The Life of George Moore

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The Saturday Review of Literature November 28, 1936

New York vs. America: Greenwich Village (left), from a painting by Edward Laning; right, a P.W.A. artist's interpretation of the American scene, from Herbert Agar's "Land of the Free."

Regionalism: Pro and Con

Four Arguments for Regionalism

By Joseph E. Baker

REGIONALISM at its best promises to be something very different from the folklore-and-mediocrity cult on which the critic fixes his attention. I would not for a moment defend such qualities and attitudes, but it is my hope that Regionalism may save us from those very vices; they are the vices of a culture centralized in New York. And so long as our culture is centralized in New York we are not likely to produce interpreters of our regions worthy to rank with Rabelais, Wordsworth, Dickens, Mark Twain, Hardy. In attempting to defend a thing hoped for—what a Platonist might call the Idea of Regionalism—I shall not rely entirely on my own views, but indicate the four arguments for Regionalism that have recently been advanced.

I. The Argument from History

Frederick Jackson Turner went so far as to sketch the history of each major section of the United States separately, as "indeed, potential nations in themselves." Our country breaks into natural divisions separated by the mountains-and-dry-lands, or by the Industrial Area, or by the even greater barrier of climatic differences, and the inevitable divergence in ways of life: the dry, golden West; the wet, warm South; bleak, lovely New England; the exuberant Middle West; the smoke and steel landscape of the Industrial East, which has extended a finger along the Lakes to Chicago.

These different lands are inhabited by different breeds: Southerners are chiefly from Great Britain or Africa; New England's peoples were originally either Puritan or Roman Catholic; the Middle West is in general North European (except in the Lake cities, which are now part of the Industrial East); the Far West has at least the threat of Mongolian strains (Amerindian, Mexican, Oriental); while it is of great importance for the cultured life of the Industrial Area that it has in its cosmopolitan population more Jews than England, France, Spain, Germany, Italy, Russia, and Palestine combined. Nor are the different races and nationalities melting in the pot, becoming part of a standard type character. Has the Negro or the Jew been losing his separateness in recent literature? The tendency is all in the opposite direction. The Southerner has not been "reconstructed" by force, or by ridicule, or by success. And the regionalist does not think that we should construct an abstract definition of a dead-level American and ignore everyone who does not conform to this pattern.

So much for nature—both "blood and land." But men are also moulded by nurture—that is, past history and present education. The South has existed as a separate nation. The West is conscious of its Spanish background, and Willa Cather, keeping this in mind, has given us some of our best regional literature. New England has existed as a unit longer than the United States, and enjoys a literary past that she would be silly to abandon at the command of the proletarians. The Middle Western mind is what it is today largely because the Middle West has not been conscious of any existence separate from the United States, either Spanish, confederate, or colonial. Hence the irritating tendency to identify the Middle West with America. "A stranger suddenly dropped into the business center of Zenith," says Sinclair Lewis, "could not have told whether he was in a city of Oregon or Georgia, Ohio or Maine, Oklahoma or Manitoba." This is obviously not true, unless the stranger is a very stupid one; and the regionalist thinks that a region should be portrayed by the intel-

(*Continued on next page, column* 1)

Four Fallacies of Regionalism

By Paul Robert Beath

"YOUR true regionalist," says Grant Wood, "is not a mere eulogist; he may even be a severe critic." I have called certain weaknesses of regionalism fallacies, because they seem to me unconscious faults of reasoning rather than deliberate sophistries. Those guilty of fallacies are amenable to correction, the sophistical are damned.

I. The first fallacy of regionalism is that so far it has based its theory on an inferiority complex.

This is a harsh statement, but six years of active participation in the regionalist movement have convinced me of its truth. I qualify myself by inserting "in its present state" and "seems" in hope that this aspect of inferiority may be temporary or illusive.

Take the case of a typical regionalist, Allen Tate. Mr. Tate, someone has remarked, resents the fact that the publishing center of America happens to be located in New York. This resentment, born of the circumstance that no other locality can quite compete with Manhattan in volume of printed matter, is one of the chief tenets of the regional movement. In some regionalists it is openly professed; in others only half-acknowledged. It is a toss-up with most whether they resent New York more or love their native environs more.

Jealousy is perhaps the chief ingredient of this state of mind. The highbrow regionalists are jealous of New York, be-

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CHRISTMAS BOOK NUMBER

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Arguments for Regionalism

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ligent, who are not so strange to the people of the cities they portray as to write like foreign correspondents.

II. The Argument from Art

A born artist, like Grant Wood or Thomas Benton, does not seek above all things "an atmosphere of wealth and affluence." His first interest is his art, and for the pursuit of it the best conditions are those that enable him to study the world he portrays and the successful achievement of other artists. The painter may profit in his youth by museums, but the writer can probably study literary masterpieces better in Urbana than in New York. Mr. Beath says the "highbrow" desires entertainment by distinguished literary artists, and that this can be obtained best in cosmopolitan centers. The only kind of entertainment by literary artists that one can obtain best in New York is the entertainment of literary teas. But literary artists offer us a higher form of entertainment: we can read their books. And this is not done best in the metropolis. As Arthur H. Compton says in a recent issue of *Scribner's*, "Chicago and Oxford . . . represent opposite extremes in the development of Western civilization"—technology is the very life of our sky-scraping cities; but those who wish to cultivate the permanent values should live in places where machinery is not so all-important that human beings must spend their time and thought "adapting their lives to it."

Carl Van Doren, considered by New York a first-rate critic, has published the following confession, under the heading, "Books I Have Never Read":

> These are not the ten best books I have never read but the first ten that came into my mind when I was asked to think about the matter. Various authors: The Bible; Dante: "The Divine Comedy"; Ariosto: "Orlando Furioso"; Cervantes: "Don Quixote"; Spenser: "The Faerie Queene"; Goethe: "Wilhelm Meister"; Carlyle: "The French Revolution"; Landor: "Imaginary Conversations"; Browning: "The Ring and the Book"; Nietzsche: "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

This list tells us a great deal about American criticism as it was in the nineteen-twenties, under the domination of New York. But the comment he appended to the list is even more revealing:

> I have always been too busy, or too impatient, to read any book to the bitter end unless (1) I was being paid to do it, or (2) the book itself compelled me. Readers who for other reasons read

(*Continued on page* 14)

Fallacies of Regionalism

(*Continued from preceding page*)

cause New York has more of the things highbrows value. On the other hand middlebrow regionalists in the great Middle West are jealous of California, because California has more of the things middlebrows value. The New York critic and the native Californian on their parts are quick to defend themselves and castigate the upstart Southerner and Midlander. Donald Davidson, perhaps the sanest of the regional critics, has repeatedly warned his readers against this small boy's "my-dad-can-whip-your-dad" attitude. And yet Mr. Davidson himself in his exasperation with the metropolitan critics too often waves the Confederate flag and calls the opposition "damned Yankees."

The Southern agrarian school led by Davidson, John Crowe Ransom, and Allen Tate initiated the current regional movement which has since spread to other sections, notably the Southwest and the Middle West. These critics have often been called, and I think rightly, unreconstructed rebels who are continuing the Civil War long after Appomattox. It is interesting to speculate on what the present situation would have been had

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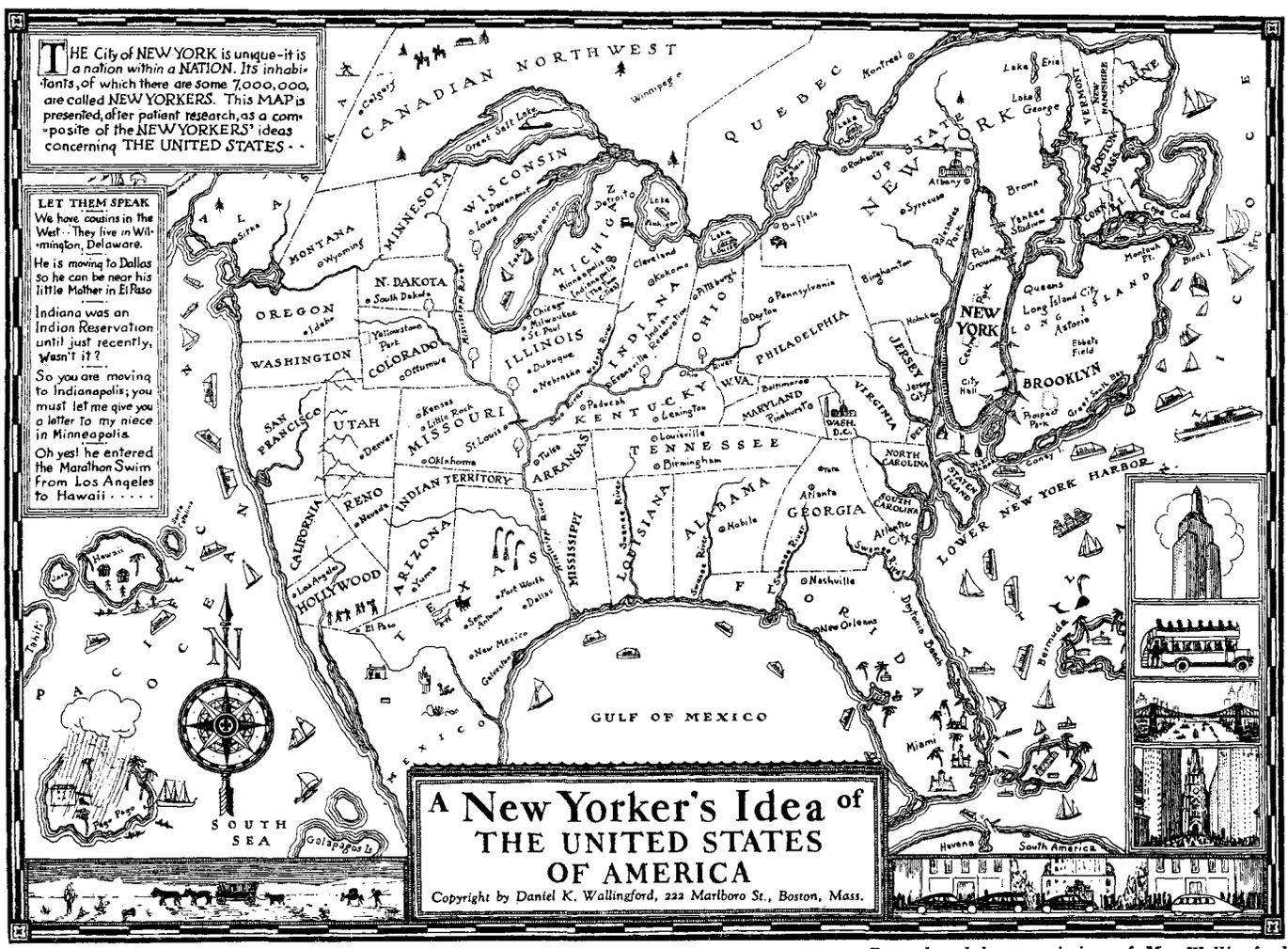

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XV, No. 5, November 28, 1936. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879.

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A Warning to Princes

BIOGRAPHY OF A FAMILY: Catherine de Medici and her Children. By Milton Waldman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1936. $3.75.

Reviewed by VIRGINIA NIRDLINGER

IN this account of the end of the House of Valois Mr. Waldman, already at home in the Europe of Elizabeth and Philip, considers the rapid succession of frail French kings who, from 1559 to 1589, took their insecure places upon the sixteenth century checker-board.

The story starts with the Queen-mother's elation, when, after her long and patient apprenticeship, the death of Henry II gave the reins of government into her itching hands. Assuming that Catherine wasted little time in grief for Henry or on revenge on the de Poitiers, the author wastes no more on this over-publicized liaison, and presents instead an excellent analysis of the conflicting forces in French politics at the accession of Francis II. This brief Introduction (which contains some of the best writing in the book) etches the chaotic state of affairs bequeathed by "that gifted showman of an imported Renaissance," Francis the First, and the Guises' dull tool, his son Henry. To the latter the plain *duchessina* from Tuscany, a Catholic by habit as was he by bigotry, brought a promise of moneys which never materialized and, after a terrifying delay, a string of sickly sons and daughters in whose febrile veins the combined heritage of Valois and Medici paved the way for the French Revolution.

Of these implications Mr. Waldman is well aware: as subtitle the work might well read: "A Warning to Princes," since it demonstrates how, after Catherine's thirty years of resourceful trimming, the "splendid greeds" of the Medici went down before the will of an outraged people. For this last scion of Cosimo the Elder had learned too well the lesson of the divine right of Valois, and if in her sons there stirred intimations of another kind of immortality they were stifled at birth by the violence of the maternal veto.

Since this is primarily Catherine's story hers is the major characterization. It is, on the whole, a just one, and if, at the beginning, her biographer makes claims for such natural instincts as affection for the husband who "was never anything but kind or ever anything but unfaithful" or an honest wish for her children's welfare, he is too much a student of twentieth century psychology to press them. Assuredly the account of Catherine's subsequent activities is sufficient proof that, in her, love of power rapidly overrode love of offspring.

That Catherine was a woman of limited and obtuse mentality Mr. Waldman is not the first to discover. Elizabeth and Philip were too much for her, not because they had more power but because they had more modern minds. Whether, without her malignant influence, Charles and Henry could have kept the peace is a question for which history can offer no answer. Mr. Waldman is somewhat too tolerant in his estimates of the choleric Charles and the frustrated Henry, whom he likens, not too happily, to Hamlet. But in them, and in the wretched Margot as well, there existed a spark which their mother was without. That Catherine succeeded in extinguishing it was due to the opposition of her stubborn, bourgeois stupidity to what was, at best, a last, faint flicker of the aristocratic spirit.

"Biography of a Family" is neither so well written nor so convincingly conceived as the author's "Joan of Arc." The style is sometimes trenchant but more often slipshod. There is an over-use of the historical present and of such redundancies as "still extant," "future successor," while the designation of François Premier's "perle des perles" as "the Marguerite of Marguerites of princesses" seems hardly to warrant Mr. Waldman's scorn for Catherine's faulty French.

CATHERINE DE MEDICI IN YOUTH AND IN OLD AGE

GEORGE BLAKE
Photo by Andrew Paterson, Inverness.

Epic of the Clyde

THE SHIPBUILDERS. By George Blake. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by FELIX RIESENBERG

WHEN world shipping sank to its lowest ebb, receding before the coming of the crash in 1929, a warning and a measure of what was ahead of the economic speculative crest, the shipbuilders, men who built upon honor, and upon order, found themselves bewildered amid their empty ways, birds screeching through the lofty gantries, the boiler shops silent, the foundries cold, and their forges abandoned. In this novel we are taken through the depth of this slump along the Clyde, where the towering, partly finished hulk of the *534* stood for years as a symbol of retreat, but not of defeat. Today this structure lives at sea, the *Queen Mary.*

But in the thickness of despair few could foresee the revival, the certain fact that ships would again be built and launched, as ships would again be used, needed, in the work of the nations. "The Shipbuilders" begins with the dramatic picture of the launching of the *Estramadura,* last keel on the ways of the old Pagan Yard, and not another order on their books.

Here is the setting for the beginning of a novel of vast social implications, ranging through the whole of our society dependent upon the making of profit for its continuing affairs. Freights soften at the River Plate, tonnage lies idle in San Francisco, vessels cannot be fixed for full cargoes from Tilbury Docks, New York has little to offer in the way of overseas shipments, the world goes slower, and a small percentage of idle

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ships spells a complete cessation of shipbuilding, and we find ourselves on the Clyde with thousands of shipbuilders out of work, a complete shutdown of their activities—the stoppage of a succession of launchings reaching back to the days of Watt, and the beginning of ships of steel.

What happened? Many things came about, but this novel, with rare sympathy and with compelling power, takes us through the trials of the builders, in the person of Leslie Pagan, last of the Pagans to build ships, and in the character of Danny Shields, the riveter, we see the extremes that are so close together in their loyalties and in their mutual dependence.

In our own experience we saw Cramps, the great Philadelphia shipbuilders, go down, their ways dismantled, their long honorable record ended. Back of this was a story, possibly the same story told of the builders on the Clyde.

It is this quality of universal truth that makes Mr. Blake's novel a poignant record of our limitations; its human reactions are those to be found wherever men and women are put to the test of hardship. The Pagans had money and could move away from the Clyde, and from their former greatness. Danny Shields, when the chance came to leave, to gain ease, to enjoy security, heard the reviving drum of the pneumatic riveters as the great Cunarder came back to life and, in spite of age and the coming of highly mechanized developments, he remained on the Clyde. That he remained, that he is still there, by the thousands, building ships again, with freights hardening, bottoms at a premium, and keels being driven along the trade routes of the world, is the probable answer to our riddle.

"The Shipbuilders" is full of the juices of life, and what more can one ask of a book, except that people read it?

Captain Felix Riesenberg is a master mariner, sail and steam, and the author of many books on the sea, among them "Endless River," "Passing Strangers," and "Shipmates."

Journey to the Left

THE FUTURE OF LIBERTY. By George Soule. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by CARL BECKER

MR. SOULE is sensible enough to know that he (in common with all men) is biased, and honest enough to tell us what his bias is.

> My bias is democratic and liberal . . . I believe in the right of every individual to seek his own fulfilment, in equality of status, . . . in the right to question all creeds and institutions in the light of reason, . . . in the right of revolution: not only the revolution that my forefathers helped to make, . . . but any new revolution that may be justified by the interests of the common man.

Forty or fifty years ago any liberal of Mr. Soule's intellectual quality might have subscribed to this creed, except that he would probably have omitted one article —the unqualified right of revolution; and he would almost certainly have added another—the right of freedom of contract in economic enterprise.

Mr. Soule sets forth at some length the changed conditions that have effected this modification of the liberal creed. In our complicated technological society individual liberty in the economic realm leaves the average man free to do what he wants to do, but too often unable to acquire what he needs in order to do it. What is needed, therefore, is a conception of liberty that will assure to every man that economic security that is the essential condition of his being able to do those elementary things that every man wants to do. This kind of liberty, Mr. Soule thinks, cannot be established by trusting to the uncertain operation of individual self interest, but only by the deliberate and rational organization of economic enterprise in the interest of all. In respect to the concrete measures required for attaining the desired end, Mr. Soule belongs with those socialists of the Norman Thomas brand who believe that it is

Peter A. Juley

GEORGE SOULE
From a portrait by Tosca.

necessary to socialize the means of production, but differ from the communists in believing that the means of production can be socialized by peaceful democratic procedure, without violent revolution or class dictatorship, and without seriously impairing the right of the individual to "question all creeds and institutions in the light of reason."

At this point in his journey to the Left I do not bid Mr. Soule good-bye and God-speed, but I ask him to rest a moment and consider more carefully a certain difficulty. Under socialism, he remarks, "we should of course have to take away from non-expert politicians the right to," etc., and "delegate to expert agencies," etc. But who are the "we" who should have to do this? It turns out that the "we" are the very people who have hitherto elected the "non-expert politicians." If Mr. Soule replies that hitherto the "capitalists," not the people whom they have deluded, have controlled the elections, then he is confronted with the fundamental dilemma of those who expect to socialize the means of production by democratic means: How by democratic means can we dispossess the classes that control the democratic means? Socialists commonly answer, "By enlightening the people as to their 'true interests.'" Well, I do not say it cannot be done, but I note the fact that, for a hundred years at least, a band of optimistic men have been trying to do it with so little success that in the recent election the people were still far more easily deluded by hokum than persuaded in the light of reason. Nevertheless, I hope Mr. Soule will continue the course: by virtue of his honesty, his humane sympathies, and the clarity and force of his writings, he is doing as good a job of trying to persuade the people in the light of reason as any one I know.

Carl Becker is professor of history at Cornell University, and author of "Our Great Experiment in Democracy."

The Deer and the Snake

By KENNETH PATCHEN

THE deer is humble, lovely as God made her
I watch her eyes and think of wonder owned

These strange priests enter the cathedral of woods
And seven Marys clean their hands to woo her

Foot lifted, dagger-sharp—her ears
Poised to their points like a leaf's head

But the snake strikes, in a velvet arc
Of murderous speed—assassin beautiful

As mountain water at which a fawn drank
Stand there, forever, deer, while poison works

While I stand counting the arms of your Cross
Thinking that many Christs could hang there, crying

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Metamorphosis of Moore

THE LIFE OF GEORGE MOORE. By Joseph Hone. With an Account of his Last Years by his Cook and Housekeeper, Clara Warville. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $3.

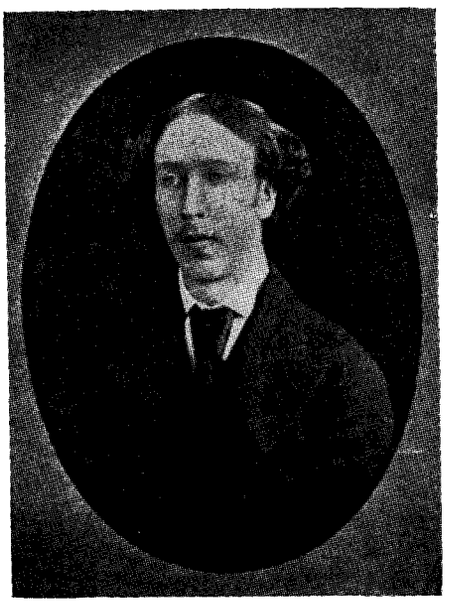
Reviewed by EDITH MIRRIELEES

WHEN Longfellow wrote his now too well known stanza concerning the effect of lives of great men, it was, presumably, not the lives of the literary great he had in mind. Certainly it was not the life of George Moore. As the reader passes from page to page of Joseph Hone's full and careful biography, his wonder grows. With "Hail and Farewell," with "Memories of My Dead Life" in mind, he rubs his eyes over the opening chapters. The actuality of the loutish illiterate represented there he accepts only because the evidence in favor of acceptance is overwhelming.

In the history of English literature there are some metamorphoses almost as striking—Dr. Johnson, for example, at twenty and at fifty. But Johnson's mind at twenty was already a filled storehouse, only means of access for its goods still lacking. Moore at twenty was ignorant. More curious still, his ignorance was densest in the very field where later he was to win distinction. Oscar Wilde's comment that it took Moore seven years to discover grammar is the mildest of understatements. And letters written in his late twenties show lacks still more surprising—a triviality and a tiresomeness both of idea and of phrase which it would be difficult to match among the early letters of any writer whose later work made his letters worth collection. Accepting the letters and the recorded conversations of his first thirty years as evidence, a reader cannot fail to recognize that, among the artistic creations of George Moore, none—not the "Conversations," not "The Brook Kerith" —ranks higher than does the George Moore of Ebury Street into whom, in the years between thirty and eighty, there was translated the earlier George Moore of Moore Hall.

It is on this personal transformation that the present biographer fixes attention. He chooses, that is, to write biography, not literary criticism. He chooses, too, to write from available evidence. There is an occasional condensation—"—he was George Moore, a successful novelist—and he thought that bravado helped him on"—but for the most part Moore's subconscious and his unexpressed consciousness are left alone. What he said and did and wrote, what others said and wrote about him, impressions drawn from the writer's personal acquaintance—these provide material for the book. Through these, the elements which went into the building up of Moore's genius are isolated, recombined, to show him to us, as he appeared to Madame Duclaux, "enveloped, like a silk worm in its cocoon, in an isolating dream, his dream of literary perfection"; as he appeared to A.E., "a rare being who always acted from his own will and centre."

This "will and centre" was so peculiarly his own that acting from it made him the most disconcerting of individuals. The reticences, the family decencies, truth, fidelity to his word—if these were ever part of his cargo, they went early overboard. " 'A man can have only one kind of conscience,' he used to say, 'and mine is a literary one.' " How oddly "literary" is illustrated in the anecdote concerning Moore's projected treatment of Edmund Gosse in one of the dialogues in "Avowals."



GEORGE MOORE ABOUT 1880

> One indiscreet invention of his mind . . . he longed especially to put into Gosse's mouth. "He won't see it till I put it into print. And then he won't scold me long, because he is too fond of me." "But did Gosse tell the story?" "No, but he might have."

Numbers of his colleagues suffered from his unrestrained invention. Usually they drew off for a while, finally forgave him. And much as his contemporaries did forgive and accept, and finally come even to reverence, the preposterous sage of Ebury Street, so does the reader. It is the biographer's achievement that he makes him do so, and this in spite of one marked shortcoming in presentation. Obviously, Moore, especially in his younger days, must have been possessed of a large measure of personal charm. Without it, all doors would have been closed against him. This charm, though it is referred to, is nowhere shown in the book. It is a sheer conquest of force which Moore makes at last of the reader's admiration.

A compact study of Moore's writing and his place in literature is contributed to the volume by Desmond Shawe-Taylor. Clara Warville, Moore's cook for many years, adds a chapter, the chief value of which is to show that her employer, firmly handled, could be brought to reason. One regrets that Maurice, George's long-suffering brother, could not have had a few words with the cook early in the two brothers' dealings.

Edith Mirrielees is a member of the English department of Stanford University.

Powerful Slightness

NOT UNDER FORTY. By Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I WONDER whether Miss Cather is right, whether this criticism which insists so much upon discipline, upon fineness of perception, upon the strength which comes from real knowledge, will not be read with interest by people under forty? She is, I think, too pessimistic. If vigor at all costs, doctrine of any kind, and behavior to the *n*th degree is now in fashion, this may be more a reaction against the genteel and the vacuous than a permanent policy.

It would be well, however, for any one to read this little book if only to see the importance of taste in criticism. Miss Cather's method is the personal and the narrative. She has a story to tell about most of her authors, but the story would not be told if the participants had not shared a subtle appreciation of what makes durable literature. In her first essay it is a favorite niece of Flaubert, his "Caro," whom she meets by chance at Aix-les-Bains. A New Englander who had known Katherine Mansfield as a child, opens the discussion of the "powerful slightness" of that remarkable student of "the major forces of life" approached "through comparatively trivial incidents." "No. 148 Charles St." is the account of a meeting with the elderly widow of James T. Fields of Ticknor and Fields, the famous publishers of the great New Englanders. And quite as personal is her admirable study of Sarah Orne Jewett. In all of these essays, so familiar, so personal on the surface, Miss Cather's continuing stress upon what impresses her in really good literature is evident. It is the immense pains of learning to write, the long struggle to escape from the tyranny of mere words, from the shows and affectations of approximate renderings of reality into the calm assurance of truth, which seem to her the stairway to greatness.

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The Saturday Review
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THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Regionalism or the Coterie Manifesto

ONE may be temperamentally on Mr. Baker's side of the discussion published in this issue of *The Saturday Review* and still recognize the cogency of Mr. Beath's objections. The most fundamental of them points out the tendency of our various regionalists to exalt mediocre writing. That is certainly true as an observation of fact, for all the collections and periodicals of regional literature so far have contained much thoroughly dull stuff, and it may indicate a necessary principle of regionalism. Such a tendency seems to accompany all efforts to bring writers together in self-conscious groups devoted to stated theories and dedicated to programs.

Membership in such a group admits one to the privileges and imposes on one the loyalties of a brotherhood. You are for certain things and against certain others. It naturally follows that one who stands with you is right, and to be right becomes more important than to be expert. When a brother writes something, the desirability of maintaining an undivided effort in support of your common purpose is likely to seem more important than anything else. After all, his novel or poem observes the criteria and is dedicated to the values which you believe in. That it is hollow or inept is less important than that its author is in a state of grace. It seems best therefore to accept the will for the deed, and to hope that as time goes on the deed will become more distinguished. Let us not quarrel among ourselves for the enemy is at hand and the very walls have ears, and when we have won the victory there will be time enough to deal rigorously with one another. That is the way in which groups become coteries.

The recent proletarian movement showed the principle in operation. At the height of the fashion it was impossible for a member of the sodality to write badly. Reading the reviews in the radical press, one encountered such a succession of masterpieces as the world had not seen since Elizabeth's time. To become immortal a poet needed only to reproduce the punctuation that Mr. Fearing favored. If a novel had overalls in it or ended in the solidarity of the working class, it was by that token alone colossal, with Hicks, J., occasionally handing down a decree that it was only great.

Similarly with our regionalists. Merely taking the oath has too often been sufficient qualification in itself. If poetry or fiction accepted the proper manifesto, if it dealt with anything that could be assimilated to what were called the folk, or if it exactly reversed the proletarian hope in regard to industrialism—then it was clearly the outward manifestation of an inward grace. That it might be bad fiction or poetry was at best a secondary consideration. Justification by faith thus permitted the publication of much mediocre work, and to this misfortune another one common to all movements was added. The national magazines, which are by definition anti-regional, drained off a great part of the first-rate work. Regional editors have had to choose many of their exhibits from material which other editors had rejected on the simple ground that it was bad. This simplicity explains much of the unbuttoned verse and uncorseted prose that has appeared in regional periodicals—it is too flabby, too undisciplined, too inexpert to be published anywhere else. And there is the further difficulty that regional groups are dedicated not only to a planned economy, which makes a poor hitching-post for writers, but to a planned literature as well. No one has ever been able to plan a novel well enough to come out with anything that was recognizable in the blueprints—but the regionalists have to plan the articulation of a tradition in all departments of literature. Which explains why there is much more good criticism in regionalism than there is good literature.

The editor of a regional magazine must not set too severe a standard for his contributors or he will discourage the young and enthusiastic whom it is his first duty to develop. But if he is too tender to them his magazine will miss its mark and lapse into mere coterie activity. The fact that most regional magazines have been just organs of a coterie shows how the dilemma is most often solved. But that solution is the wrong one. Less fraternal admiration and more talent is what the regional movement needs and what its leaders should demand. The historical societies, insisting on professional excellence first of all, have shown the way. Regional literature has no publication comparable to *The Mississippi Valley Historical Review* or to any of a dozen journals of state historical societies. Such periodicals are regional in the very best meaning of the term, and in fact have done more for the cause than all the literary activity so far undertaken on its behalf. But they long ago abandoned the idea that the warm local patriotism of amateurs was all that the writing of local history required.

Recently the Midwest Literary League began publishing *Hinterland*, a specifically regional magazine. The League is committed to an economic program, which is ominous for literature, and has already made the mistake discussed above in enthusiastically indorsing John Rood's "This, My Brother," a thoroughly bad effort to make fiction rhapsodic which only a coterie could love. *Hinterland* will be reviewed here when more issues have appeared. The verse in the first issue is uniformly bad—most of it bad in ways the little magazines made familiar long ago. Half the fiction shows the O'Brien blight that has made most coterie magazines so deadly. But two stories, "The Square Jaws" and "After Church," are distinguished work. They are expertly and un-selfconsciously wrought out of a richness found immediately at hand. If *Hinterland* can find more like them it will neutralize the artiness of its verse and do a great deal for the cause of regionalism.

Meanwhile in Clayton, Georgia, two women, apparently young women, have published three numbers of a small sixteen-page quarterly significantly called *Pseudopodia*. It has issued no manifesto, has no program or platform, and is not consciously regional at all. But everything it has published has been worth anyone's time, and most of it has been well informed, to the point, and highly intelligent. It is the most interesting little magazine that comes to this desk, and easily the most competent. Its editors do not write as Southerners but as intelligent and educated people with a lively interest in the subjects they are discussing; nevertheless what they have to say is colored by the experience and culture of their part of the South. The best promise of regionalism is likely to be fulfilled in just that way: by the development of a literature that is thoroughly of its region, since its writers are, but is so quite un-selfconsciously and without dedication. The regional cultures of the United States can certainly give shape, warmth, and coloration to literature but must do so in terms of what the jargon of the moment calls the "total personality" of writers. But those cultures cannot be selectively organized by criticism in the service of theory. The theoretically perfect regionalist must be someone like Mary Austin, but the best regional literature is something like "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," which is not theoretically regional at all.

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Letters to the Editor: *Harris's Second Book; "Stercoraceous Comment"*

"High Times and Hard Times"

SIR:—In connection with Walter Blair's article on George W. Harris, your readers may be interested in a brief note about the mystery of Harris's second book which was ready for publication at the time of his death. He had just gone to Richmond and Lynchburg to talk to printers there about this publication but was taken with a stroke of apoplexy on the train while returning home.

Nothing has ever been heard of this printer's copy (possibly a scrap-book of newspaper clippings of Sut Lovingood yarns as they had appeared) which was ready for publication. One writer, George F. Mellon, Professor at the University of East Tennessee, in an article many years later, alleged that the book was to have been called "High Times and Hard Times," but no copy of this title has ever been found. One branch of the Harris family claims that his widow suppressed the book entirely.

As you may guess, I have been intensely eager to find some trace of this book, but without any success. Perhaps your readers can supply some clue that might help locate it.

I still have a romantic feeling that the thing is still in existence somewhere, in some dusty attic or hidden away in some old library, possibly in Richmond or Lynchburg or in Knoxville.

FRANKLIN J. MEINE.
1422 N. LaSalle St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Dahlström Replies

SIR:—The editorial entitled "Stercoraceous Comment" invites the following remarks.

1. The title of the editorial is excellent. Not even "the writer of these lines" can object to it.

2. "It [stercoraceous] is a scholarly euphemism which is intended humorously . . ." (*SRL*). No, indeed, not! It was employed in all seriousness with the hope of arriving at the most effective term to describe certain kinds of criticism.

3. "Publication in it [*PMLA*] counts ten, twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred . . ." (*SRL*). Some of the professors will be glad to learn this.

4. "Mr. Dahlström uses it to describe the verdict of criticism on 'The Thirty-Six Dramatic Situations' of Georges Polti . . ." (*SRL*). "It is unfortunate that Polti received so little intelligent criticism but so much stercoraceous comment" (*PMLA*).

5. ". . . He comes to his grand climax, the triumphant issue of his research" (*SRL*). The grand climax is not the equation cited in the editorial, for that is still in the epitasis of the drama. Moreover, it is not the number 52,975, inasmuch as this item is in the dénouement. On the contrary, the grand climax is found in the pellucid, ineffable, ineluctable, effulgent formula: $N = K' + K''$.

6. "This is what happens when the *Minderwertigkeit* of literary scholarship seeks to assuage itself with science" (*SRL*). It was Georg Marzynski who said that "ein flächenfarbiger Farbfleck dem gleichfarbigen Pigmentfleck nicht absolut gleich sieht."

7. "No one who ever wrote a poem began by wondering if all the permutations had been used up. No one . . ." (*SRL*). "No one would get anywhere if he did, as Mr. Dahlström makes clear" (*SRL*).

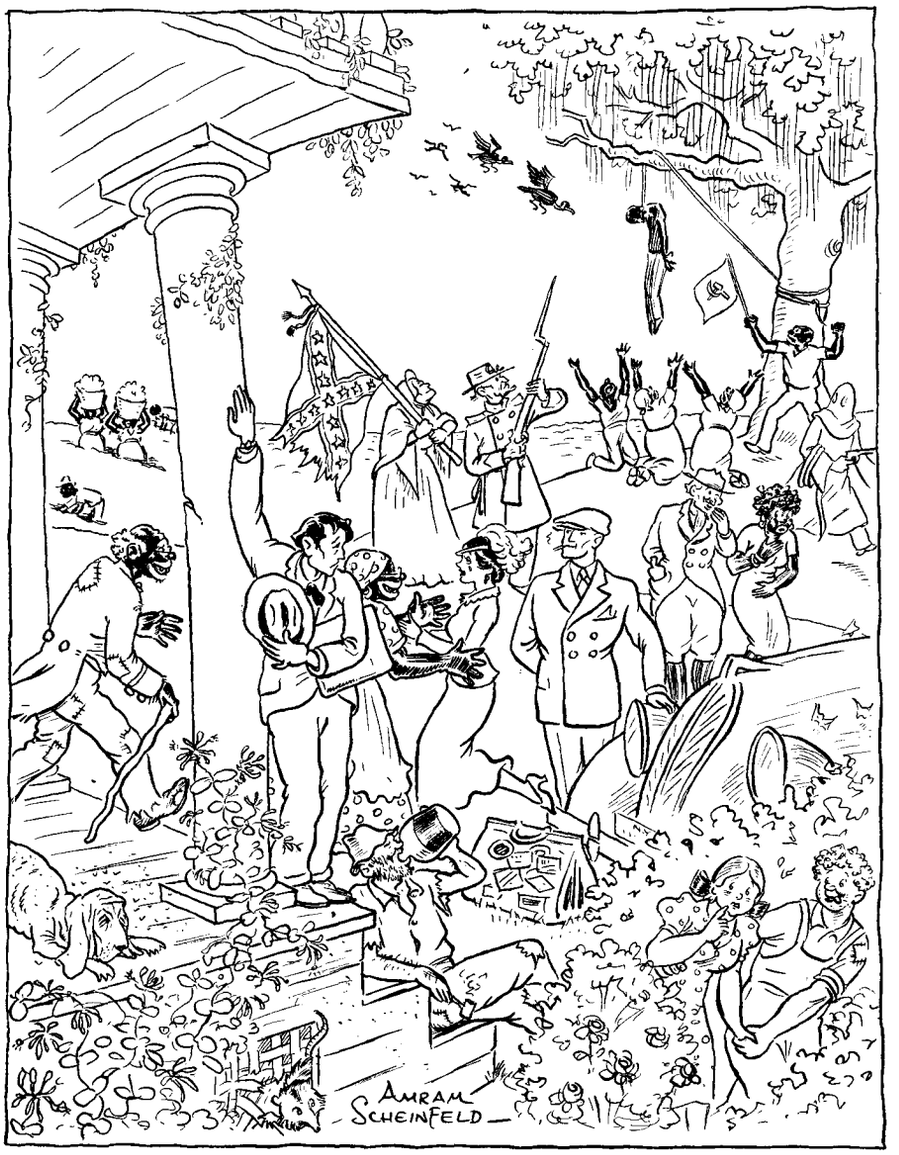
8. "His further notes . . . are elementary truisms within the capacity of any freshman . . ." (*SRL*). The article was not written for freshmen, but for college professors and other scholars.

9. "The writer of these lines is a member of the Modern Language Association and his dues are paid up" (*SRL*). This is the most conclusive argument of the editorial. It obviously cannot be refuted.

10. "Mr. Dahlström . . . complains that not many scholars can be interested in mathematical esthetics" (*SRL*). "If more scholars could be interested in a literary esthetic . . ." (*PMLA*).

In conclusion, permit me to say that it is of such critics as the writer of the "Stercoraceous Comment" editorial that it was written long ago: "The Lord shall laugh at him."

CARL E. W. L. DAHLSTRÖM.
Ann Arbor, Mich.



AMERICAN LITERARY SCENES, NUMBER 1: *Southern Exposure.*

Winslow Homer

SIR:—In commemoration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the American artist Winslow Homer, the Whitney Museum of American Art, with the coöperation of museums throughout the country, is collecting material for a new book on the artist.

The Museum would appreciate it if anyone owning work by Homer in any medium, or letters from the artist, or original information regarding him, would communicate with me.

LLOYD GOODRICH, *Research Curator.*
Whitney Museum of American Art
10 W. 8th St., New York City.

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Humanist vs. Dictator

THE RIGHT TO HERESY: CASTELLIO AGAINST CALVIN. By Stefan Zweig. New York: The Viking Press. 1936. $3

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

IT is strange that this should be the first biography in English of Sebastian Castellio. He had one of the most remarkable minds of the sixteenth century, at a dramatic moment he championed the cause of intellectual liberty and religious toleration against the most formidable antagonist the century produced, and though at the time that cause seemed lost, it was winning even as he wrote and was to triumph so decisively that today few English speaking persons will question the validity of his arguments, fewer still will be able to improve upon them, and none, or almost none, will fail to sympathize with their temper. Slowly, as the rhythm of history raises in another form the question he discussed, the man becomes better known. Only last year his most famous book had its first edition in English at the Columbia Press. A life of this early hero of the liberation war of humanity is easily the most useful task which has yet engaged Stefan Zweig's popular talents.

A turning point in the development of the Protestant Reformation gave rise to Castellio's book. Some years before, John Calvin, a theoretician of the religious revolution, had found in Geneva an opportunity to put his theories into practice. Like all successful revolutionaries Calvin saw the truth as simple, single, indisputable. His writings confined revolutionary orthodoxy in a structure of iron logic. It was perfectly clear to him that reformers who, while pretending to sympathize with some of his aims, disagreed with his conclusions were more hateful and dangerous than the open enemy. Meanwhile his ruthless will molded Geneva into a rigid working model of his ideas, and his titanic energy created a close knit, rigorously disciplined revolutionary party throughout Europe. Over both Calvin ruled as dictator. The cement of such power is blood. Chance delivered into Calvin's hands one Miguel Serveto, an eccentric scholar who differed radically about religion from practically everybody else in the world. Him, after a savage trial in which Calvin, the party leader, acted as prosecutor, the Genevan council condemned to death. He was burned at the stake for a sign that the new orthodoxy could be as severe and zealous as the old.

SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO

Sebastian Castellio protested. He was at that time a professor at the university of Basle, a Protestant who had taught for a time in Geneva, and a humanist whose non-controversial writings were widely read. No compulsion except his conscience moved him to speak. He could hardly have chosen a more dangerous opponent than Calvin. But his gorge rose at the sight of Christians putting to death their fellow Christian for his personal beliefs, and once he had raised his voice he defended his opinions until his death. Those opinions have long since become commonplace. "The truths of religion are by nature mysterious," he wrote; "they have been in dispute for thousands of years; anyone can make a mistake in these matters." "Each of the numberless sects denounces all the others as heretical; we can only conclude that we call heretics all who do not agree with us." "Let us be tolerant of one another, therefore, and let none be condemned for his beliefs." "No violence can alter faith; killing a man does not defend a truth: it merely kills a man." Such sayings were not always banalities, nor is their spirit even now always safe. It is good, sometimes, to recall them and the man who wrote them.

In doing so, Stefan Zweig has done well. Nor need we be surprised should a German and a liberal today be rather intolerant in defense of toleration and pitch his invective against regimentation almost hysterically shrill. But the lessons of history are not more but less instructive when they are forced into exact parallels, and the pamphleteer who undertakes to belabor his opponent with a historical analogy is likely to find the weapon bent out of recognition in his hands. Some of the reflections here on Calvin's Geneva are applicable to the twentieth century only by being false to the sixteenth. Just as Castellio's position is over-emphasized by representing him as more alone than he really was (most of the humanists were individualists and sentimental liberals), just as the importance of Serveto's execution is exaggerated by representing the earlier reformers as being united in their unwillingness to persecute heretics (as if Luther had never told the German princes that death was too good for Anabaptists!), so the whole picture is thrown out of focus because the reader is never made to feel that the religious issue at the time was something serious, something in which men felt compromise impossible.

JOHN CALVIN

This is the chief failure of the book, the failure to do justice to Calvin's position. A dislike of dictators blinds the author to the real strength of the Genevan dictatorship and perhaps to that of some modern ones as well. It is idle and misleading, dangerous to any sane thinking, to imply that Calvin's power rested on conspiracy, demagoguery, and terror alone. Men followed him open-eyed because he seemed to give them an assurance beside which the illusion of free will was of small account, because they were led by deep human drives to accept submission, submergence in the mass, self-sacrifice. And men who will sacrifice themselves will not, as a rule, hesitate to sacrifice their enemies. Their leader's dogmatism may be repellent; it was neither futile nor absurd. "Nothing," Calvin said, "is more important than the truth; I know the truth, and I shall stop at nothing to maintain it." The logic is impeccable, and, in a world of action, the conclusion has the advantage of being dynamic. No established order was ever long preserved without bloodshed; no revolution ever won by admitting that there is much to be said on both sides. Today we no longer kill religious heretics, but that is growing indifference rather than growing tolerance; when our dearest prejudices are at stake we kill as readily as our forefathers. It is no service to the cause of liberty to set up a bogy man in Calvin's place, to insist that there is never more than one choice for honesty and intelligence, to pretend that tolerance is always easy instead of showing that, when fundamental issues are at stake, it is the hardest of human virtues.

Garrett Mattingly is a member of the department of history at Long Island University.

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A Central Temper

STREAMLINES. By Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT M. GAY

HERE is a pleasant book for a cold autumn evening. It is a miscellany of items ranging from the airy Translations from the Chinese to a very serious and sound discussion of Mind Erosion. There are Baker Street studies, in which deep questions about Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson are examined with the solemnity of a doctor's thesis. These are very good. There are mock-ingenuous diaries of travel by the Mandarin, whom readers will remember from the past. There are essays on books, authors, food, style, wine, words, colleges, nature. There are notes of reminiscence or affection on F. N. Doubleday, Don Marquis, O. Henry, Walt Whitman, O. W. Firkins, George H. Doran. And there are many passages from journals on everything under the sun. It is unnecessary to say that everything is readable, and that much is witty and not a little wise. The book has no main theme, only a central temper.

This temper is already familiar to readers. It is that of a man who loves congenial society, quiet, and solitude, animals and children; who prefers people who cannot be measured by the standard gauges, books that are good or curious, even if forgotten; places not exploited, things not fashionable. Politics as a game or trade, the current economics and sociology and psychology he views with friendly skepticism. Of course such an attitude has its perils, and to the young and ardent it may seem like evasion. It is almost a convention for essayists to portray themselves as lovable old codgers, tolerant and humorous but practically inept. But Mr. Morley, for all his literariousness and hobby-riding, reveals himself in this book as very much alive in and to the world. His comments on American morals and manners, in the sum, would provide several ordinary moralists or sociologists with ideas for a lifetime. And he has learned to straddle the past and present very expertly, loving everything that is old but good, but also harboring warm feelings for everything that is new and exciting.

Nevertheless he belongs to a type, and knows it. "To hear a child playing on a harp in the next room," he says, "is as good as living in a MS by Chaucer. I smile to myself as I write that, remembering a gentle young reviewer (who lives under a low ceiling of economists' catchwords) reproached me for not having 'sociological contemporaneity.' But Chaucer, bless his old heart, is probably less old fashioned than Karl Marx." Whether that will satisfy the young reviewer or not, and it probably won't, it very nicely expresses the spirit of a man who simply values the permanent. I have long been impressed by the fact that a great many young people are extremely fond of Christopher Morley. They are not as a rule to be numbered among the young Intellectuals, by whom his ripeness is often dismissed as over-ripeness; but they are intelligent enough, and they obviously love him. From talking with them I gather that they approve of his wit and humor, his ability to discourse easily about things over which their teachers and parents grow solemn, his sophisticated fooling, the breadth of his interests, and his shrewdness and common sense. This seems a very fair summary of the qualities in "Streamlines."

Robert M. Gay is professor of English at Simmons College.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM

Round-up

RODEO. By R. B. Cunninghame-Graham. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1936. $2.50.

THIS is a selection of some of Cunninghame-Graham's best tales and sketches. It is a book well worth having for your library. Cunninghame-Graham was one of the last romantic adventurers of the nineteenth century. Morocco, and Latin-America from Texas to the far south of the Argentine, were his provinces. But it is not the extent of his residence and his traveling through pioneer lands that gives him his distinction, but rather an unusual power over English style which in these sketches and stories enabled him to get the tone, the color, and the motion of the countries he describes, and particularly the wild life which now, with the industrialization of the world, approaches its end. In English literature he belongs with Borrow and with Hudson, and at his best can well stand a comparison. This omnibus of his work is a fitting monument and is edited by his friend Tschiffely, who is the hero of one of his sketches.

The Prophet of Islam

MOHAMMED. By Essad Bey. Translated by Helmut L. Ripperger. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD LAMB

MORE than thirteen hundred years ago a boy, Muhammad, son of Abdallah, and foster-child of the tribe of Sad in the Arabian desert, became in middle life the prophet of Islam. A story is told of him, that a doubting fellow-tribesman came to him and said, "If God had wanted to send a prophet into this world, surely He would have chosen a better than thou." In his earlier years Muhammad married a rich widow, Khadija. He managed her affairs very shrewdly, and became one of the most successful merchants of that city of caravan merchants, Mekka. He was a man of business, blessed with worldly goods when, after his fortieth year, he was troubled by visions.

In the wasteland of his birth, from which two of the enduring religions of mankind—Judaism and Christianity—had arisen, the desire for solitude and introspection was nothing new. Besides the nomad tribes, and the influential caravan merchants, the desert had within it the *hanifs* or hermits. Muhammad forsook Mekka for the solitude of the desert. Uneducated and unread, he took with him memories of the discourse of these fugitive monks, and the arguments he had heard in that clearing-house of caravans, Mekka, where more than three hundred images of gods were placed about the sacred black stone of the Kaabah. Of these memories, he said later, "They were stuck to the earth."

Out of the sun-blasted barrens, peopled with the demon-host of Arabian superstition, Muhammad emerged with something to say. The inarticulate husband of Khadija had a message, the opening words of the Koran.

> This discovery [Essad Bey relates] is called Islam. Muhammad was not the creator of a new religion . . . and the Islam which he preached was for him but a resurrection of the primitive faith of the world. . . . Just as Columbus did not know that he had discovered a new world, so Muhammad did not realize that he had called a new religion to life. Up to the time of his death, he constantly repeated that Islam had no desire to bring anything new into the world.

He denied continually that he was anything more than a messenger, and he said emphatically that he had no power to work miracles. None the less, the *suras* of the Koran became miraculous to the millions who accepted Islam, from Spain to Turkestan, and from the edge of Arabia to the Balkans. Out of them grew the militant democracy of Islam.

The portrait painted by Essad Bey is purely personal. It brings into sharp relief the background of the desert, the

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life of the nomads, the market-place of Mekka, and the solitude of Mount Hira. It is hardly critical, and is not meant to be historical. For one thing, Essad Bey surrounds Muhammad with the miraculous phenomena which the prophet himself disclaimed. He concludes that the political unity of Islam has disappeared in the upheavals of the modern age—Mustafa Kemal dealing it a mortal blow. As a vital force, he believes, it survives unchanged—under the leadership of Ibn Saad, *imam* of the Wahabites. His narrative is colorful and absorbing, all the more so because it wanders like a true nomad from academic highways.

Harold Lamb is the author of "Genghis Khan" and "The Crusades."

Alligators Take Notice

SWING THAT MUSIC. By Louis Armstrong. With an introduction by Rudy Vallee. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by Robert A. Simon

SWING music, once the casual delight of café patrons, has become a solemn Topic for Discussion. Learned fellows compose formidable treatises about hot licks and jam sessions, and in one such thesis it is stated that "Louis Armstrong is not only a genius in his own art, but is one of the most extraordinary creative geniuses that all music has ever known."

One ought, therefore, to approach the autobiography of Louis Armstrong with awe—but Louis, who doesn't mind refering to himself as "Satchmo" (authorized contraction of "Satchel Mouth"), doesn't always expound his art as heavy as well as hot. His story, "Swing That Music," considers his career once over lightly, sketching his progress from the Waif's Home in New Orleans to his present deserved international eminence as the greatest trumpeter in Swingdom Come.

Every alligator (this, according to a convenient glossary, is "a non-playing swing devotee, a listener") will devour the book, and ponder its occasional esthetic commentary, which includes the observation that "until swing music came, America had no music it could really call its own." Non-alligators who aren't so churlish that they dismiss truckin' as truck, will find it fascinating because most of it is shop talk by a man who knows his business.

"Swing That Music" has a "Music Section," edited by Hugo Gerlach, in which the technical details of the art are reprised briefly. And finally, there is a printed demonstration of swing tactics. There are moments of Kicking Out ("very free, enthusiastic improvisation": glossary) in the writing of the book and in its musical nomenclature. But the alligators won't mind.

Super Camera-Man

AS I REMEMBER. By Arnold Genthe. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. (A John Day Book.) 1936. $5.

Reviewed by William Rose Benét

DR. GENTHE and the present reviewer have at least one thing in common: we both loved the old San Francisco before the Fire. The *hochwohlgeborene* Genthe, indeed, found in California his second native land, and became an enthusiastic American. Equipped with a superlative education, and destined for philology, he came to the United States as tutor to a rich boy, and while prowling in San Francisco's Chinatown first became interested in making a record of what he saw by means of the camera's eye. At that time nothing existed but badly colored postcards of Chinatown. The Herr Doktor's method of catching a person when he least knew he was being photographed was developed through dealing with the superstitious and wary Chinese. In the San Francisco fire he lost every possession, save his Chinatown pictures stored with a friend, pictures of which Will Irwin had prophetically said, "You really ought to keep these plates. . . . Some day the whole city will burn up. There'll never be another Chinatown like this one, and you have its only picture record."

Today Arnold Genthe stands high in his adopted profession of photography. He was one of the first to try the Autochrome process invented by the Lumière brothers of Lyon and held the first exhibition in America of color photographs. It was from pictures taken by him that the *American Magazine* printed the first reproductions of color photographs to appear in any periodical. But aside from color work, Dr. Genthe—who had originally wished to be a painter—developed the skill of a true artist with camera instead of brush. Look only at a few of the profuse illustrations of this book: the glorious one of Anna Pavlowa dancing, which she called not a photograph but a miracle; a view of the inland sea of Japan that has all the quality of a genuine Japanese print; the extraordinary earthquake pictures; the modern torso that is living sculpture, and the American girl's profile that might be that of the Venus of Milo; the face of the great Isadora, Edna St. Vincent Millay and the Spring tree—and no less remarkable in its own way, the portrait of John D. Rockefeller. That gives you but a slight idea of the pictorial riches of this book. It is also a record of friendships with some of the most brilliant people of our day. Bernhardt, Pavlowa, Isadora, Terry, Duse; making the pictures that first secured an American contract for Greta Garbo; Mrs. Fiske and Sothern and Marlowe; Frank Norris, Mary Austin, Jack London, and George Sterling, among California writers; the youth and beauty of San Francisco—for Dr. Genthe (no less than Ziegfeld) has, in his different manner, always glorified the American girl! One of the finest pictures in the book, however, is of an elderly New Orleans "Mammy," a striking character portrait.

This autobiography is entirely urbane, and it does not tell any tales out of school. But its anecdotal matter is none the less rich and satisfying. To me not least among its charms were the initial chapters on Dr. Genthe's family, upbringing, and education in Germany; also his account of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco in its early days and of the Carmel I myself knew "before the sealers came." The book of a man conventional and yet bohemian, of one kindly and sympathetic, of an observer never bored, and of a true servant of beauty!

SAN FRANCISCO: APRIL 18, 1906.
Photo by Arnold Genthe, from "As I Remember."

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Notes on the Road

On a Fast Train Through Arkansaw

"ANYONE seen my Shakespeare book around here?" These words, in a rich Texas intonation, were hardly what I expected. The book, a little green college text, was lying beside this chair in which I sit at the tail of the observation car; and the Shakespeare reader is one of the Texas football squad now homeward bound from defeat in Minnesota. But they tell me they scored more points against the Gophers than all other teams put together (this year). The episode pleased me, for I felt that I also had been scoring some points for Shakespeare on the side. At Lynchburg and at Greensboro I hardily persuaded members of the faculty into impromptu Elizabethan charades; and at Duke University we had a special adventure. A London bookseller's catalogue had just reached me, offering for sale the rare volume *Of English Bodies*, 1657, written by Shakespeare's son-in-law Dr. Hall. The Friends of the Duke Library grew enthusiastic when they heard about this, and we cabled for its purchase. I've been on the road ever since, so I haven't heard whether we landed it; I hope so.

I write under difficulty, and hope this may be legible. Yesterday before leaving Lynchburg I was given a hasty glimpse of lovely hills, a broad view banded with indigo cloud-shadows and a golden treasury of autumn color. The name *Steptoe*, glimpsed on a real-estate poster in the hotel, seemed to take me back to the days of George Washington; as indeed had the enchanting unspoiled architecture of Salem College. Those tawny roofs of old Moravian tile were as beautiful as anything of the kind anywhere; what an odd contrast to the readymade Gothic of Duke.

Through the Blue Ridge, en route to Memphis, the weather changed to flurries of snow. The hills, in darkening afternoon, were rich as Paisley fabric. (Here the train pauses at Arkadelphia; behind us I see a wagon crossing the track, drawn by the regional beasts, two mules. What a lot of white mules one sees in the fields along here.) After five successive evenings on the rostrum I felt lonely without anybody to lecture at. There was a lady in the neighboring section who looked as though she would be pleasantly conversable, but she seemed prostrated by some exhausted melancholy and lay all afternoon athwart the green plush seats in the posture of I-am-dying-Egypt. I wondered if she were not perhaps one of the aftermath of Duke-Carolina football parties. At Knoxville there was time for a frosty stroll on the platform. I was meditating how unromantic was the name of our car, *McKoskrey*, when I observed that the blind of Lower 6 was slightly raised, and in the aperture a frail white hand feebly and absently toyed at the pane: the languid finger-play of boredom or despair. This, by easy calculus, was the same perishing Elaine. This was as far as my interest proceeded, but those pale distracted digits would make a good beginning for a story.

(Everything is colorful in these November woodlands. We stop now at Gurdon; an engine on a siding is blowing steam, and the vapor irises out into a perfect rainbow.—I suddenly remember that once I wrote a verse which ended

And I went out in the dark, an' saw
Hidden away,
In a little coupé,
Darby and Joan of Arkansaw.)

I woke at 2.30 A.M., as I often do in sleepers. We were in the region of the T.V.A., and in the washroom I had a cigarette and a chat with the porter. That station was Decatur, he said. Where Ada came from, I suggested, and got a crap-player's flash of ivory. He explained to me that Corinth, Miss., is accented here on the second syllable; I'm sorry I didn't think to ask him about the different pronunciations of New Orleans, which often puzzle the Yankee.

At Memphis, a hasty breakfast. The Dixie language is sometimes genuinely elusive to the unaccustomed ear: I asked the pretty waitress for orange juice, coffee, and scrambled eggs. I honestly thought her reply was, "Do you want large or small eggs?" When I echoed this in puzzled consideration she burst into an exquisite capriccioso of mirth. (She had said, large or small *glass*, viz. of orange juice. The man next me at the counter was eating ice cream and Coca Cola for breakfast, so nothing would have surprised me.)

(At this moment there's another caller for "the Shakespeare book," a boy in a brown sweater with the numerals *1939*. He says he's got to read some before he gets back to college: so apparently the earlier Shakespearean was an interloper. —Did you see what was in it, he asks.— Yes, I answer: Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet, Henry V., Taming of the Shrew, and Much Ado; published by Scribner's. He looks alarmed.)

In Memphis I see the names of unfamiliar railroads: the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis ("The Dixie Line"); the Frisco. I discover a 4-cent State Tax per package of cigarettes. I buy the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, eager to learn what this ancient city is thinking about— and run chunk upon O. O. McIntyre, Walter Lippmann, Arthur Brisbane. It seems to me a pity when the provincial papers surrender their own local humors and opinions to the metropolitan wiseacre, however eminent.

I wish I could remember the title of the fine novel about Memphis which I read years ago; it described the horror of the ancient yellow fever epidemic. That, and the fact that Max Beerbohm married a lady from Memphis, are the town's literary associations in my mind. Somehow I had expected sternwheel steamers moored along a levee, but from the railroad bridge I saw only a string of barges. Then, with the morning sun behind us, we were hurrying across frosty bottom-lands with willows, poplars, and tulips; cotton fields, and many little "nigro" (so Dixie pronounces it) cabins.

Later, in Texas. I had to break off, for lunch, as the diner was to be cut out at Texarkana. Conversation with my tablemate began badly: I remarked that it seems impossible to get a highball on the train South of the Mason and Dixon line. He eventually revealed himself, after a pleasant dialogue, as a Presbyterian pastor from Hot Springs; and I felt it tactful to explain that my interest in whiskey was sociology rather than dipsomania.

Now, as a new moon floats in the Texas sunset, I sit to consider my geographical gains. It is lovely country in the afternoon sunlight; that gorgeous tree which glows a deep crimson-purple color is a black gum. The railroad company's fenceposts are made of bois d'arc (pronounced *bodark*) which is a very enduring wood. This I learned from the roadmaster or division inspector who was riding on the rear vestibule and dropping off little paper memos here and there for section bosses. The Pullman porter lives in El Paso, and he won't get there until 24 hours from now. His round trip, El Paso to St. Louis and back, is 2715 miles. The car (*Burlingame*) is crowded, and I was wondering how to find space to write these notes. The elderly lady who shares this section had comfortably spread herself and baggage over both seats. By the offer of a bottle of ginger ale I bribed her to sit with another lady just behind, and they are having a grand time together. It appears that they're both Daughters of the Confed'racy bound for a convention in Dallas. One of them even rates some sorority based on descent from the

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Arguments for Regionalism

(*Continued from page 4*)

more than that seem to me to be people who have nothing better to do.

In a favorable environment, a man of letters does not have to be paid spot cash for reading great literature. The activities that have consumed his time are not "better to do" than reading Dante, Goethe, Cervantes, and the Bible. A literary center that honors such a critic will never be in danger of producing an Ariosto or a Carlyle to bore future critics.

The regionalist who ignores the universal is at fault, of course; the life of his region is his medium of expression, not his message, and he should not make his thinking a mere search for the curious, the odd, and the picturesque—that was the error of the local-colorist. But the internationalists (to which, indeed, our present brand of nationalism must be referred) recommend to us a literature which gives neither the universal ideal of humanity at its best, nor the subtle essence of a local culture; but rather those elementary physical and economic interests which are common to man at his crudest in Atlanta, Manchester, and Hamburg—the lowest common denominator, not the profoundest human potentialities. We are much more likely to rise to a conception of man as fully human by contemplating his achievements as they flower in different regions—of America, and of Europe.

III. The Argument of Regional Rights

This argument has been developed chiefly by admirers of the Confederacy, who have, characteristically, approached the problem as political thinkers—that is, asking not merely what is, but what ought to be. Their answer is, that the Industrial Area is only one region, with no manifest destiny to impose itself on all others—that it has been regional in the worst sense: bigoted, arrogant, pushing its imperialistic aggression while talking hypocritically of "tolerance" and "liberalism." V. F. Calverton tells the South (in *Scribners,* May, 1936) to write only of her industrial spots, her smoke and steel, those stricken areas that most resemble the industrialist East. This is dictation by the proletariat indeed! The *Nation,* reviewing, or relegating to "Shorter Notices" Shafer's "Paul Elmer More," says, "Mr. More's one jolt was received when scientific materialism jarred his Midwest Christian pietism. He took up a sickly Platonism of the literary quasi-sexual, O Beauty kind." What can be the background of a man who thinks Christianity a peculiarly Midwestern phenomenon? What has become of the *Nation's* howls about religious tolerance, if it can use the very word "Christian" for a term of abuse, as well as the word "Midwest"? The Southerners, with their military traditions, say that "the dissemination of these ideas, through the channels which New York possesses and other regions lack, may sometimes be resented as a hostile invasion"—not merely the volume of matter printed in Manhattan, but the use of this publishing center by a small, much publicized group, to further publicize themselves and to bully Midwestern Platonists, Southern gentlemen, and the New England professors who have not been submerged by industrialism.

In a Middle Western Jeffersonian, Edgar Lee Masters, the rage is more bitter, and the last twenty pages of his life of Vachel Lindsay make terrible reading, as he writes of "the strangulation of Lindsay," "eaten alive"—impoverished, driven to suicide—by "the greedy and ignorant parasitism" of New York which would not make a place for the poet in a country well able to afford a decent living to the poor struggling singer, even if he was a Midwest Christian pietist. As the competition of our intellectual life grows keener, I am afraid we shall have more of the bitter regionalism like that of Masters, unless we can develop a sort of humane federalism in literature such as that which already obtains among our universities.

IV. The Argument that our Great Cities are not Centers of Culture at all, and Never Can Be

This theory considers New York and Chicago to be late colonial offshoots of a European civilization already in decline when they were built. They lack the cultural past native to European cities, and bear no vital organic relation to our American culture, which is growing up now where cultures have always grown: in the smaller cities and the countryside. "I view great cities," said Jefferson, "as pestilential to the morals, the health, and the liberties of man." This view has been developed, with suggestions from Plato and Spengler, in such books as Agar's "Land of the Free." It challenges the superstition that "In rejecting New York there is danger of rejecting Athens." On the contrary, when a people bows down before the gods of the "world-city"—Imperial Rome, Babylon, Alexandria, New York, Chicago—they are rejecting the values developed in smaller cities, say the size of Athens, or Jerusalem, or Florence, or Weimar, or Concord, or Edinburgh, or Oxford, or Richmond.

Regional art is not the only form of art. And each piece of regional writing must be judged on its own merits. But regionalism will perform a great service for America if it can free us from the four fallacies of New York: its aggrandizement of the "proletarians"—by which I do *not* mean those who work with their hands,—at the expense of country gentlemen, town gentlemen, burghers, and artisans; its preoccupation with the brass mediocrity of New York—so much less tolerable than the golden mediocrity of the South; its denial of the Great Tradition (which still flourishes in Chapel Hill, Iowa City, and Princeton); and its inferiority complex, which leads the semi-educated "nomads of the pavement" to make the most ridiculous assertions of cultural superiority, especially when in the presence of ideas that might be better than those which happen to have gathered in Manhattan.

Joseph E. Baker is a member of the Department of English at the University of Iowa.

Fallacies of Regionalism

(*Continued from page 4*)

the South won the war and determined the character of the civilization of America. Undoubtedly Mr. Davidson, Mr. Ransom, and Mr. Tate would have looked upon a Southernized America and found it good. New Yorkers would have inveighed against the Nashville critics. The North, however, as a matter of fact won the Civil War and whether we like it or not put its cultural stamp on the nation. Resentment of this fact seems to me the motive power behind the regionalist movement. I doubt whether healthy, vigorous, and enduring arts and letters can come of anything so negative as resentment.

II. The second fallacy of regionalism is its denial of the great tradition.

By the great tradition I mean what Matthew Arnold meant: the best that has been thought and known in the world. One who has been educated in the great tradition becomes thereby a cosmopolite of the spirit. His intellect is not limited in space by his own environment or in time by his own generation. He is heir, as the saying goes, to the wisdom of the ages.

There are certain aspects of American regionalism which tend to negate this tradition. In rejecting New York there is danger of rejecting Athens, Rome, Paris, and London as well. The more rabid regionalists say "Let's forget these foreign influences for a while and create something to take their place."

No regionalist to my knowledge deliberately denies the great tradition. Quite the contrary. Since every single regionalist of any importance is a teacher of modern literature in a small college in the South or West, they all propagate the great tradition in their classrooms with might and main. How strange it is, then, to see these same persons when they shed their academic robes also shed the great tradition. Shakespeare played on Broadway is not Shakespeare to them, but merely Broadway, a street anathema to all true regionalists as the symbol of metropolitan decadence.

III. The third fallacy of regionalism lies in its almost exclusive preoccupation with mediocrity, especially local mediocrity.

This situation is all the more lamentable because most regionalists are highbrows. Highbrows are those who have been educated to consume the best ideas

(*Continued on page 16*)

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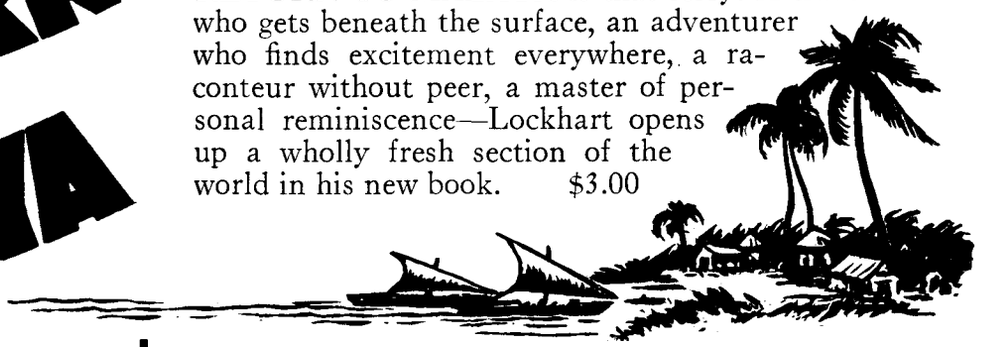

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Fallacies of Regionalism

(*Continued from page* 14)

of the past and present. The best ideas in the past have gathered eventually in cosmopolitan centers and do so now. Regionalists, being highbrows, desire the cream of this cosmopolitan culture—a cultivated society, an atmosphere of wealth and affluence, entertainment by distinguished theatrical, musical, and literary artists. But—unlike middlebrows, the true regionalists, who contentedly live, work, propagate, and die oblivious to the great world—the highbrow regionalists continually fret and fume, publish little magazines, issue manifestoes, and generally go around with chips on their shoulders.

Mediocrity, of course, is not confined to regionalist literature alone, but is the fate of all "literary treatments" which do not click. I have in mind a series of annuals edited and published a few years ago by B. A. Botkin each entitled "Folk-Say: A Regional Miscellany." These volumes, regionalistic with a vengeance, contain poems, stories, skits, and sketches from nearly all sections of the country, but principally from the great plains region of the West and Southwest. About the same time there appeared a book by Walter Prescott Webb, "The Great Plains," which treated factually and historically the same materials which contributors to "Folk-Say" had treated fictionally and poetically. Professor Webb's straight history is infinitely more readable and more important than any or all of Mr. Botkin's miscellanies. This comes not so much from Professor Webb's superiority as a writer, but from his superior honesty. The regional folk-sayers were straining every nerve to be folksy and "literary" with results which are scarcely readable.

It is a stock argument with regional critics that only a regional background openly acknowledged and cultivated can give an American writer character, purpose, solidity, sincerity, etc., etc. I would like to call the attention of these gentlemen to the work of the late Ring Lardner, an American author national in background, subject matter, appeal, and style. Both as pure entertainment and as a picture of American life Lardner's books are superior to those of any strictly regional author I can call to mind.

In default of an excellence to which he has been educated the highbrow regionalist gluts himself with mediocrity, but always hopes to turn up a local genius. He is always expecting his local boy to make good. All of which has made me a bit skeptical of the regional movement, because, like the colonialism it pretends to despise, it always has one ear cocked for the applause of the metropolis. And it is totally lacking in a sense of humor. Constant preoccupation with second-rate work contributes largely to the glumness of practising regionalists.

IV. The fourth fallacy of regionalism is its exploitation of the rural folk at the expense of the urban folk.

The pursuit of folklore is a legitimate and fascinating pursuit; and, contrary to the contention of the economic school of criticism, modern folklore does exist. The fallacy of the regionalists lies in dressing up folklore and peddling it in bookstores, in theatres, and on the radio.

This folksiness of regionalism may be attributed to the fact that nearly all its champions have been students or teachers of modern literatures, English, Romance, and Germanic. Chapter I of the textbooks of these literatures says that in the beginning there was an unlettered folk and their literature was crude, oral, and lyrical. Therefore, say the regionalists, America must have an unlettered folk and an oral literature. Accordingly they go after hillbilly ballads and Ozark proverbs with a vengeance.

There is too much of a tendency also to imitate the German Romanticists of the last century and attribute mystical essences to folk materials. This was particularly true of the late Mary Austin and some of her followers. Regionalism also totally ignores the difference between the folk of today and the folk of the Middle Ages. The unlettered today are split into the urban-industrial masses and the rural-agrarian masses. Regionalists simply ignore the first class, because, as Grant Wood has pointed out, regionalism is a revolt from the city.

Paul R. Beath was a delegate to the Democratic national convention from the fifth Nebraska congressional district.

The Bowling Green

(*Continued from page* 13)

troubles of 1812, so they're both guilelessly and graciously happy.

They put on a fresh dining car at Marshall, and the First Call has just gone through. Everything seems under control, but the name of the next station—Mineola—makes me a bit homesick for Long Island.

As we approach Fort Worth I must just add my postscript, which really should start the story, it's News. The porter, William Echols, who says he surely has enjoyed travelling together, shows me the new way of making up Pullman berths. A few weeks ago the Pullman Company invented an entirely new formula for folding the sheets. They now have an extra expansion-tuck at the bottom of the berth so that you don't have to make the ferocious struggle with your feet to get a little space. And the sheets and blankets at the top have a new and different diagonal fold. "They streamlined everything else," said William Echols, "now we streamline the bedding. Yassuh, we-all have to keep up with the times."

I thought of a pun, too: Missouri loves company—but I don't quite see how to use it.

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'I read in the public prints that the man Lewis is a raging reformer, an embittered satirist, a realist dreary as cold gravy, and a bustling journalist. I don't know. Maybe, the critics ought to know—it's their job. Only, I should have thought Brother Lewis was essentially a story-teller — just as naive, excited, unselfconscious as the Arab story-teller beside the caravan fires seven hundred years ago' . . . — *Sinclair Lewis*

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Liddell Hart's War History

THE WAR IN OUTLINE. 1914-1918. By Liddell Hart. New York: Random House. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by LT.-COL. DONALD ARMSTRONG

LIDDELL HART'S opinion of the professional soldier as a strategist becomes more caustic in each succeeding book from his pen. In this latest work the military chiefs on both sides are his special targets. He knocks them down like a row of skittles, and when the game is over there's not much small beer and practically no caviar for the generals. Gallieni, Brusilov, and one or two others are left unscathed, but they are the exceptions proving the rule that "the only thing harder than getting a new idea into the military mind is to get an old one out." This dictum is sufficiently exact to make the soldier wince, and to lead everyone else to sink back comfortably in his chair with a smug feeling of superiority and Pharisaical thankfulness that he is not like one of these benighted and atavistic specimens.

But the truth is that no one is entitled to such complacency. A far more stalwart scapegoat is needed to bear these sins into the wilderness, for the fault is not so much in the military mind as in human nature that generals are blunderers. Try to find the human being who does not regard his dogma as invincible truth. Discover if you can a profession in which there is not a lag between the traditional and the actual. In all wars new and subtle forces join the armies in the field and in the World War these were supplemented by entirely novel economic and social influences. No one will deny the serious errors resulting from the inability of the soldier to cast off the shackles of human nature, and to a lesser extent the results of his training so keenly analyzed by Liddell Hart. But perhaps the knocks should be tempered with a little more mercy.

There is the more reason for this because of the contrast between the historian writing in his snug quarters years after the event and the general with the entire responsibility of his nation's honor and safety on his shoulders acting in the heat of battle.

All this looks suspiciously like an apologia by a soldier for the military mind, but there is no such intention. Liddell Hart is a benefactor of the military profession in pointing out the truth as he sees it, even if all his theories cannot be accepted. Moreover, as a writer of military history Liddell Hart has few peers. As usual he has written a history that goes straight to his goal without weariness or distraction. His power of invention expresses itself in arresting phrase. He proves himself here a master of concentration and although his condensed history may be unpalatable pabulum to some soldiers, there is much useful prophylactic medicine in its pages, and the civilian will find a factual narrative that will richly reward the time spent in its reading. From Liège to "the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918" the war in all its theaters, on land and sea, is competently treated.

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The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

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THE BLACK DOLL *William Edward Hayes* (Crime Club: $2.)	Mexican rag doll on Maryland estate mixed up in three killings solved by amazingly casual private sleuth.	Offers the most amusingly dumb small-town sheriff in months, much action, and a weirdly tangled plot.	Palatable
TRAGEDY AT WEMBLEY *Cecil Freeman Gregg* (Dial Press: $2.)	Insp. Higgins, who runs Scotland Yard about as he pleases, encounters jewel thefts, murders, and hard knocks with equanimity.	Enough action for three yarns, some amusing situations, plenty of Higgy-isms, and a completely surprising solution.	Entertaining
WHITE VELVET *Sax Rohmer* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Port Said and Istanbul scenes of British secret service man's efforts to spot leading spirit in slippery drug ring.	No Fu Manchu here, but he's not missed in midst of Oriental intrigue, stealthy slayings, torrid love scenes.	Top-notch thriller
THREE MEN MURDERED *A. A. Archer* (Phoenix Press: $2.)	Millionaire Maxon found shot: two others poisoned. Ripley Reeve clears carefree nephew of suspicion.	Somewhat murky mixture of bird-fancying, oriental cult high-jinks, and what not—but the solution is unique.	Readable

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NEXT WEEK

THE
CHRISTMAS ISSUE
OF THE SATURDAY REVIEW

Art of the Night

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

SINCLAIR LEWIS, more than any other American novelist, has in him the potentialities of a valuable writer for the American stage. But he appears also to have in him that condescension toward the theatre which is shared by many of his fellow novelists. It is this condescension that, as in the case of novelists often, makes his attempts at drama unhappily inferior to his other literary enterprises and that withholds from our stage a talent that might otherwise excite and adorn it. It is not that he has no interest in the theatre, for it is very apparent that he has. It is rather that that interest is a left-handed one, something to be pardonably indulged in in the slack periods between novels, like a tumble off the water-wagon, a trip in blackface through the hot spots of Harlem, a reading aloud to a company of *New Republic* editors of the works of Lloyd C. Douglas, or the singing of "Frankie and Johnnie," unexpurgated, at a meeting of the D.A.R.

Although Lewis's name appeared as collaborator with Sidney Howard on the dramatization of "Dodsworth," by his own admission it was Howard who did most of the real work, and the success of the job was thus due to a craftsman who regards the theatre as a field of primary and serious endeavor and who has devoted much of his life to a close study of it. For both "The Jayhawker" and, more recently, "It Can't Happen Here" Lewis himself has been largely responsible; the latter, indeed, though it carries the name of a collaborator, is practically all his work. Both have clearly hinted what Lewis might accomplish in the way of dramatic writing if he went at the business with the singleness of purpose and the pains which he applies to his novel writing. And both have equally clearly proved that he doesn't go at the business in any such manner.

When Lewis is working on a novel, he will travel to the ends of the earth to acquaint himself with the necessary materials. He will interview, if his scheme calls for it, shoe clerks, coal miners, college presidents, railroad brakemen, trombone players, bus boys, Sanscrit professors, beauty contest winners, and God knows what others. He will try himself out in the pulpits of churches, turn alfalfa farmer, practise the rumba, and act not only the fore but the hind legs of a chariot horse in a tank town "Ben Hur" troupe if it will give him the inside on something he is seeking. He will buy and read reference books by the ton, he will sleep on the floors of flop houses and in vats of glue factories for months, and he will enter the prize ring and permit himself to be knocked out even by Primo Carnera in order to get the right flavor into a single sentence. He will do all this and more for one of his novels. He will even drink nothing stronger than soda pop. But by way of preparation for a play, he will not go to a single theatre, save perhaps Minsky's; he will not bother to read the dramatic work of the better modern playwrights; he will do nothing to acquaint himself with the fundamentals of dramatic composition. In this he is little different from most of his brother novelists who essay writing for the theatre.

As a result, his plays, like the plays of these others, rest in that no-man's land that stretches between the novel and the drama. They breathe much more of the bookstall than of the stage. And when here and there they do breathe of the stage the breath is patently a breath that smells suspiciously of apologetic cloves. It is a pity that Lewis takes this attitude toward the theatre. He has, as a writer, more force and fire, more sharpness of character sense, more rich humor, and more general aliveness than nine-tenths of the men who are writing for the stage of this country at the present time. And he has it in him, as I have hazarded, to become a dramatist of importance if only he will make the drama a study as he has made the novel. For in his very novels there lies implicit the seed of sound drama, together with much of the bud of dramatic promise. Yet his plays, even when as in the case of "It Can't Happen Here" he fashions them from one of his novels, albeit his lesser ones, come forth with that seed sterile.

Hardy, Conrad, and Moore failed in their attempts at drama because they looked down upon the theatre and thought it child's play. Bennett said that writing a play, compared with a novel, was a baby trick, like shaking a rattle, and the plays he wrote were, accordingly, largely worthless. Galsworthy, on the other hand, and also Maugham, appreciated that drama is an art, a very difficult art, and by applying themselves sincerely to it produced plays of merit. In this country, our novelists with negligible exception have seen fit to look upon the stage and drama as a cross between Coney Island and a night club. The result has been a succession of plays that even a third-rate professional playwright would be ashamed of, that is, presuming that some of them had ever been produced, for many of them were found to be too sour to tempt even shoestring producers. Lewis is too valuable a dramatist in the making to go the way of these others. The least he can do, before he sits down to his next play, is to read O'Neill, Anderson, and Behrman, and have a couple of drinks with Jimmy Durante.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 139)

PHILIP MASSINGER—
"THE CITY MADAM."

Rich pantofles in ostentation shown,
And roses worth a family: . . .
. . . . . and going
To church, not for devotion, but to show
Your pomp. You were tickled when the beggars cried,
Heaven save your honor! This idolatry
Paid to a painted room!

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Government in Business

THE NATIONALIZING OF BUSINESS, 1878-1898. By Ida M. Tarbell. Vol. IX of A History of American Life edited by Arthur M. Schlesinger and Dixon Ryan Fox. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1936. $5.

Reviewed by CARDINAL GOODWIN

THE assembled contributions of science have produced the mechanistic age, and that age has confronted civilization with novel and intricate social, economic, and political problems. A somewhat startling awareness of this is brought to the attention of the student of American history for the first time during the twenty years covered by this volume. If one asks why at this particular time, he will find significant clues in the entrance into business of a hardy and adventurous group of American manufacturers and business men, in the enormous supply of raw materials suddenly made available, and particularly in the reports from the Patent Office. From 1881 to 1890 the government issued 217,821 patents. During the next decade the number was increased to 234,956. A total for the twenty years of 452,777—or more than twice as many as had been issued from 1861 to 1880, and more than had been issued during the entire history of the United States prior to 1880.

In these things will be found worries for politicians of that and later generations, and problems to tax the ingenuity of real statesmen. In the wake of combined capital and accumulated raw materials came the organization of labor, the problem of surpluses, discriminative freight rates, and scores of other issues to perplex leaders and confuse the men along Main Street. No wonder a government constructed to accommodate people living a hundred years earlier, fairly creaked under the new burdens. The murky zone between state and national authority presented a lurid array of executive, legislative, and judicial questions, some of which have not yet been satisfactorily answered.

This is the era covered by Miss Tarbell's volume. It is safe to say the task assigned her was one of the most difficult given to any of the contributors to "A History of American Life." The diverse sources from which she had to collect her information and the delicate task of making judicial appraisals of scores of men and incidents which have had but scant consideration in the pages of general history of the period have complicated her problem. Fortunately, it was an era into parts of which some of her earlier investigations had been directed. A detailed study of the Standard Oil Company had familiarized her with the intricacies of corporate organization and with the ruthless policies these economic giants frequently adopted. She has been a student of recent American economic history for many years.

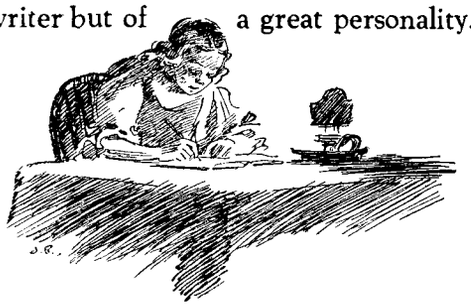
In no other book with which I am familiar, will one find the nationalization of industry so adequately presented. Particularly good are the chapters on "The Rise of the Industrial Trust" and on "Clashing Economic Philosophies." Chapter nine, on the "National Consolidation of Labor," is another the reader would not have omitted. In this and other chapters are numerous brief sketches of neglected men. Most of these are excellent. Some of the credit due Theodore N. Vail has been acknowledged by Miss Tarbell, but the idealism which he contributed to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company could have been stated with more emphasis.

A somewhat disappointing chapter is that on railroads. In outlining incidents which produced conflict between the railroads and different state legislatures —a conflict which led to the enactment by Congress of the Interstate Commerce Law—the work is good. Its influence as a nationalizing force is brought out also. And attention is called to the fact that it was no longer "necessary for a town to plant itself on a river bank, a lake front, or an ocean harbor." But the railroads did more than these things. No other agency, unless it be the national government, has done as much to promote the settlement of the Far West. The work of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe in Kansas, of the Southern Pacific in California, and of northwestern railroads in Oregon are to the point.

But when a task performed has so much to commend it, perhaps a reviewer should not be too critical of omissions. Miss Tarbell has made a real contribution to "A History of American Life." Indeed, I think it is the best volume in the series thus far.

Cardinal Goodwin is professor of history at Mills College.

A continuation of *Mårbacka* and *Memories Of My Childhood*, this book rounds out the story of the early years of a great writer and gives one of the loveliest records I know of a childhood," writes MARY ROSS, in the N. Y. *Herald-Tribune*..."This third volume, in which the child speaks for herself, is even more nearly unique than its predecessors. Few adults achieve the self-perception, candor and self-discipline it reveals. It is a record not only of a great writer but of a great personality."



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BERNARD DeVOTO said

In His Last Week's Editorial On Reference Books:

"Roget's Thesaurus." This darling of the manuals usually does what you want it to but almost never in the way you expect it to. After sixteen years of writing you should be able to think of the word you want. When you can't Roget does not find it for you but does start off the chains of association that make you remember it. This copy is in the orthodox edition copyrighted by Crowell in 1911. Three or four alleged improvements on that arrangement have had a brief existence on the reference shelf but have been thrown away as delusions. No dictionary of synonyms has survived.

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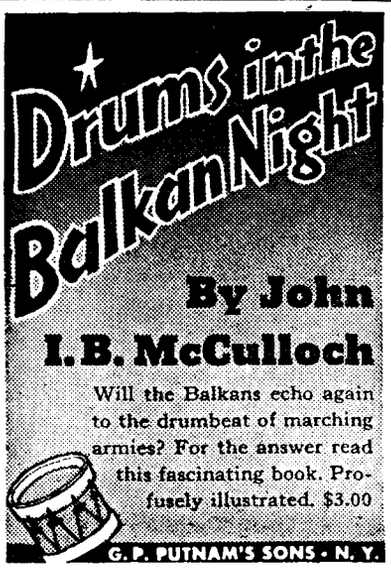
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A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

PEKING PICNIC. By Ann Bridge. *Little, Brown.*

DARLING OF MISFORTUNE. By Richard Lockridge. *Century.*

EDUCATION AND THE MODERN WORLD. By Bertrand Russell. *Norton.*

Reference Material on a Group

A. M. G. of Stillwater, Okla., wants to know where she can find critical comment on the work and biographies of Edith Wharton, Emerson Hough, Edna Ferber, Sinclair Lewis, Margaret Deland, Willa Cather, Zona Gale, Dorothy Canfield, Ellen Glasgow, and Joseph Hergesheimer. She wants also to know where she can get suitable material for a paper on modern drama.

FOR the biography of all of the authors she mentions, with the exception of Emerson Hough who is not contained in it, A. M. G. should consult that strong reed to lean on when in need of life sketches of contemporary writers, LIVING AUTHORS (Wilson). Here she will find brief but adequate sketches of the authors she names, embodying the main facts in their careers, some description of their personality, a few lines of discussion of their art, and a list of their works. WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA, which contains a biography of Emerson Hough, has entries of course for all the others. As to critical comment upon them she will find discussion of the work of Hough in Charles C. Baldwin's THE MEN WHO MAKE OUR NOVELS (Dodd, Mead), which also contains pages on Hergesheimer. Hergesheimer is given place also in Percy H. Boynton's MORE CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN NOVELISTS (Dodd, Mead) and in Blanche Colton Williams's OUR SHORT STORY WRITERS (Dodd, Mead). This last-named volume presents studies of Edith Wharton, Edna Ferber, Margaret Deland, and Dorothy Canfield. Carl Van Doren's CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN NOVELISTS (Macmillan) contains sketches of Edith Wharton and Willa Cather, who also figure in Boynton's SOME CONTEMPORARY AMERICANS (Dodd, Mead) and Grant Overton's THE WOMEN WHO MAKE OUR NOVELS (Dodd, Mead). This last has material also on Edna Ferber, Margaret Deland, Zona Gale, Dorothy Canfield, and Ellen Glasgow. Stuart P. Sherman's CRITICAL WOODCUTS (Scribners) includes Miss Cather, Miss Glasgow, and Sinclair Lewis. Lewis is the subject of study likewise in Stuart Sherman's POINTS OF VIEW (Scribners), Walter Lippmann's MEN OF DESTINY (Macmillan), and Boynton's MORE CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN NOVELISTS. Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant, in her FIRE UNDER THE ANDES (Knopf), includes a portrait of Willa Cather.

As to the reference material for a study of the modern drama which A. M. A. wants she might try James W. Marriott's MODERN DRAMA (Nelson), a popular survey of the drama of the last half century, which should be useful as a means of orientation. THE BEST PLAYS OF 1934-1935 (Dodd, Mead), by Burns Mantle, will give her a bird's-eye view of the plays of that year and excerpts from some of them. If she wants entertaining and informing reading, not directed to specific plays but enlightening discussion of dramatists, she should read John Mason Brown's LETTERS FROM GREENROOM GHOSTS (Viking) in which in a succession of letters cleverly adapted to the style of their supposed authors some of the dramatists of the past write to others of the present who might be supposed to have special points of likeness to or divergence from their predecessors.

Editions of Marco Polo

E. B. of Saginaw, Mich., asks concerning the best editions of Marco Polo's TRAVELS *and wishes to know whether it is possible to obtain a map of his journeyings which is separate from the book. She wishes one which has been "treated to look like a very old one."*

The most comprehensive edition of THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO (THE VENETIAN) is that by Sir Henry Yule, which was revised and augmented by Henri Cordier. These two volumes, which are carried on the Scribner list, embody the results of the research of the best students in the field, and are the most extensive study of the subject available. They, of course, contain the maps, which also decorate the lining papers of a more recent, and good, if less definitive edition of the TRAVELS (Liveright), revised from Marsden's translation and edited by Manuel Komroff. This edition costs only two dollars where the Yule is $22.50. There are, of course, numerous inexpensive editions.

The Development of Communication

F. S. and M. I. G. of New York City, who are high school students whose history course covers the development of communication, ask for information on that subject.

Labert St. Clair's TRANSPORTATION: LAND, AIR, WATER (Dodd, Mead) ought to give them an interesting survey of the history of travel, for it follows methods of locomotion through various phases. MODERN COMMUNICATION (Houghton Mifflin), by A. W. Page and others, in addition to its chapters on traffic takes up communication in the form of the telephone, the telegraph, the radio, the moving and talking picture, and television. Some of its studies are fairly technical and probably would present difficulty to a high school student. He might do better with George O. Squier's TELLING THE WORLD (Appleton-Century).

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The New Books

Fiction

SUN DIAL TIME. By Don Marquis. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $2.

The famous ex-columnist and creator of archy and mehitabel is, of course, an American humorist in the great tradition. He created The Old Soak and he wrote the story of Danny. Here are ten new stories by him, written of late years. He is at his best in the kind of yarn told by old pitch men and around the general store—that is, a sort of super-version of such yarns. He can tell a marvelous "drunk" story. And when you get into an account like that of Bud Peevy's great race across country to carry by his deciding vote the "electoral" district that gave McKinley the state of Kentucky "which no Republican had ever carried Kentucky for President afore" you are in the presence of great American myth. Not only that, but you are in the midst of the highly complicated and highly diverting story of "The Saddest Man," which is one of the best in this book.

We won't say that any of these stories top certain classics by Don Marquis—and several of them are not as funny as they might be. But the book has his own original tang. It opens with Captain Samuel Billing's extraordinary Hollywood scenario, and continues with tall tales of a relishable kind. An unusual and wholly indigenous brand of humor. You'll miss much solid winter-evening entertainment if you overlook "Sun Dial Time."

W. R. B.

A HOUSE OF WOMEN. By H. E. Bates. Holt. 1936. $2.

This is the story of Rosie Perkins, a barmaid in an English country town, who married into a family of prosperous farmers. For more than a quarter of a century the Jeffrey family hated Rosie and, at last, her husband, Tom, came to hate her. But Rosie survived the last Jeffrey and sold the once well kept farm for what it would bring.

"A House of Women" is the farm novel in an English setting. Rosie Perkins is a real person, and she manages to give some force and conviction to the insane atmosphere of the Jeffrey house. The book doesn't carry the impact it is meant to, but it's not dull reading.

M. S.

TWO YEARS. By Alberto Albertini. Translated from the Italian by Arthur Livingston. Viking. 1936. $2.75.

If you had three wishes? If you had several million dollars to be spent in one year? If you had your life to live over again? If Faust sells his soul to the devil? If, dying, you were by miracle given two years more to live?

These are all the same question. And probably no question in the world is surer of provoking answers from every human being it is put to; nor would the answers to any other question be more signally revealing of each man in his part. To the tracing of one such answer, in one human being, Alberto Albertini has set his very considerable powers as a novelist. And "Two Years" is a memorably readable book.

The novel is founded on legend, set in fourth century Rome. The boy Maximus lies dying, and Mutius, the monk, by strong prayer achieves for him the grant from God of two more years of life. Adolescence is adolescence in any century. And Maximus is no more sure of what he wants to do with life than any talented, half-mystic, half-hedonist in any American college today. He only knows he wants to live. It may well be that only the old, snatched back from a death they might not dread, could lay instant plans for life. The old would have retrospect, nostalgia, disappointment, as guide posts. Maximus had only youth, and the problem of solving the whole mystery of living, dying, and eternity in twenty-four months. He had no better talisman than his admiration for the monk, and his too sensitive desire to embrace life by withdrawing from all chance of hurt.

Before the story opens Maximus has tried to be a poet, and failed; tried to be a monk, and left the monastery; tried to be a recluse, and succeeded only in christening himself Miserere. Life had been shadows of beauty and of pain, which time might confidently be expected to resolve gently into gentle answers. Now life was two years, and every day a day which must be used.

The character of the boy is beautifully,

(*Continued on page* 26)

Do You Know . . . ?

- WHAT famous English philosopher's skeleton, dressed in his own clothes, is preserved in a London university?
- WHO first called Ireland "the Emerald Isle"?
- WHAT celebrated essayist joined the audience in hissing the sole performance of his only play?
- WHO snatched Shelley's unconsumed heart from the funeral pyre?
- WHAT noted Irish novelist was the grandfather of the composer Victor Herbert?
- WHAT absent-minded poet, being invited to dine at an inn called "The Green Man" in Dulwich, proceeded to Greenwich and made inquiries for the sign of "The Dull Man"?
- WHAT novelist sent 4,000 people to call on a lady of his acquaintance in one day?
- WHO was made Poet Laureate "because of the sins he had *not* committed"?
- WHAT popular Scottish novelist of the "kailyard school" died in Iowa?
- WHAT poet's *nom de plume* was the anagram of his real name?
- WHAT famous philosopher carried ear-stoppers which he put on whenever anyone opposed his opinions?
- WHAT eminent Victorian novelist pretended to be illegitimate in order to conceal his true origin as the son of a tailor?

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MERLE JOHNSON'S AMERICAN FIRST EDITIONS. Revised by Jacob Blanck. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. 1936. $10.

THE first (1929) edition of this standard manual listed the works of 104 authors, the second (1932) of 146, the third, and present, of 199. On this basis, there will be a fourth edition in 1941 listing 263 authors. In the interval both bookseller and collector will get along nicely with the third. Jacob Blanck has carried on competently and adequately where Merle Johnson left off, and the result is a soundly conceived and intelligently compiled vade mecum that is as essential to collector and bookseller alike as the Atlantic Ocean is to the *Queen Mary*.

Merle Johnson's passion for compact thoroughness was nowhere better exemplified than in his zeal in introducing his celebrities by their full names, and Mr. Blanck adheres loyally to this tradition. The fact that Hervey Allen is actually William Hervey Allen may not relate, specifically or remotely, to the question of his collectability, but the consulter feels that he has been let in on something nevertheless. He proceeds thereupon to follow through, and gleefully unearths such engaging suppressions as Erskine Preston Caldwell, John Robinson Jeffers, Percy Rockwell Kent, Harry Sinclair Lewis, William Morley Punshon McFee, Robert Gruntal Nathan, Ezra Loomis Pound, and Upton Beall Sinclair. It is as though Walter Winchell had been turned loose in a filing-case of birth certificates. It comes as something of a mild shock to find that William Faulkner, Ben Hecht, Ernest Hemingway, and Archibald MacLeish are only those and nothing more. But there is more to Mr. Sandburg than plain Carl, and to write simply "Lafcadio Hearn" is to leave half—nay, three-fifths—untold.

With this new edition "American First Editions" has grown to more than 500 pages. Its serviceability increases in geometric progression as its size and scope broaden. More power to it, and more pages, and more authors—and, equally, more collectors and more collectable books.

Journalettes

LILLIPUTIAN NEWSPAPERS. By James D. Henderson. Foreword by R. W. G. Vail. 1000 *copies. Worcester, Mass.: Achille J. St. Onge.* 1936. $5.

Mr. Henderson is scrivener of the LXIVmos, which being interpreted is Sexagesimo-quartos or, anglice, Sixty-fourmos—collectors of miniature books; microbibliophiles. (They are one extreme removed from macrobibliophiles, whose dual goal is a set of Audubon's "Birds of America" and a truck to fetch it home in.) A devotee of lilliputiana can carry his library about in his waistcoat pocket; a notable and noble addict, Wilbur Macey Stone, wrote a charming bibelot called "A Snuff Box Full of Bibles."

It was Mr. Stone, in fact, who fired Mr. Henderson with a passion for multum in parvo, but the resultant flame, to derail the metaphor, turned into a horse of another color. Mr. Henderson went in for tiny newspapers—a bypath of high entertainment value, as his monograph proves. The elusiveness of the units of such a collection requires no elaboration.

Mr. Henderson's study is more than a piece of toy research. As an example of publishing promotion (and many of the newspapers cited are in this division) the lilliputian newspaper is a definite economic phenomenon. Others are grown-ups' frank playthings. All are good fun. The volume gives better than full measure thanks to its inclusion, in a marsupial inside back cover, of five facsimiles of miniature newspapers.

Woman wants much.—This department is indebted to Laura P. Bell of the Little House, 107 East Gordon Street, Savannah, for a transcript of an engaging communication which she recently received. The signer will here be identified only as Mrs., and her habitat as a Georgia village which, Miss Bell reports, attains a population of 321 souls by including the rest of the county. Miss Bell's verbatim copy follows:

Dear Sir.
Have you got? this book., William, Shakespeare, "Venus and Adonis," London 1599. Imprinted at London for William Leake, dwelling in paule's Churchyard at the Grey-hound.,,
Have you first edition of this book Tamerlane and other Poems. Boston, 1827. Point; Published as if written. "by A Bostonian." Pamphlet. beware of facsimile reprint) also have you John, Bunyan, "Pilgrim's Progress." London, 1678. Point: 253. pages.
if you have these books What do you charge a piece for them, I mean price. as I want to buy some if you have them just like my list, And I am inclosing a Stamped envelope for a quick reply
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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Q. is on the road again, and sending in no copy. Which gives the other Q. Associates a chance to get some matters off our minds. ☞We are interested to hear from Random House that George Jean Nathan (see page 20—advt.) has written a play, to be published in February. "Mr. Nathan," says the announcement, "believes that, having criticized the plays of others for 28 years, it is now time to give some one else a chance at criticizing him." It was a piece of heroic abstention on the part of our guest-conductor, Mr. Cerf, to refrain from making this announcement last week in these columns. ☞Another of our contributors figuring in the publishers' announcements is Christopher Morley, whose *Briefcase* was issued by Lippincott on November 23. "This little book [is] composed of pieces Mr. Morley has chosen from his recent writings —none of them previously appeared in book form—and will be bound in paper to sell for 25 cents. This venture is offered for those occasions of travel, recreation or brief opportunity when a book is less convenient." *Briefcase* goes forth under the motto, quoted from Dr. Johnson: "The way to spread a work is to sell it at a low price." Further numbers may follow, say the publishers, "if the collection finds favor with readers (either casual or studious)."

☞The Q. Associates had a lot of fun last week telling the world about the *SRL*'s scoop (Nov. 21 issue) in reviewing *The Mint* by A/c Ross. The staff had been working on this story over a year, waiting for the chance to review this $500,000 book which will not be popularly published until 1950. We had to keep it a secret until last week's issue was off the press so that no one else would get the idea of going to the Library of Congress, reading *The Mint*, and beating us to the newsstands. We went to press Tuesday and sent the news to the papers for release on Thursday. ☞As this paragraph is written we are glad to see that in New York the *Herald Tribune, Post, Sun,* and *Mirror* appreciated the news value of our 14-year scoop and ran interesting stories.

☞The Harvard University Press will celebrate Pushkin's centenary (February 9, 1937) with the publication of a biography of Pushkin by Ernest J. Simmons. Documents relating to the surveillance of the poet, as a suspected liberal, by the Czarist police, have come to light only after the Russian Revolution. ☞The nineteenth-century Russians are also in the news with the biography of Tchaikovsky, *Beloved Friend,* by Barbara von Meck and Catherine Drinker Bowen. It's the best musical biography we have read since Marcia Davenport's *Mozart,* and we applaud its selection (for a future month) by the Book-of-the-Month Club. *Beloved Friend* will be published by Random House. ☞And Appleton-Century announces that Maxim Gorky's *My Childhood* is again in print.

☞Ellen Starr Brinton, curator of the Jane Addams Peace Collection at Swarthmore College, asks us to note that the Collection is eager to receive any files, periodicals, correspondence or other records of humanity's efforts to end War. ☞In 1930 Jane Addams sent her accumulated collection of peace material, consisting of many thousands of personal letters, pamphlets, manuscripts, clippings and books in some dozen languages to the Friends Historical Library of Swarthmore College. These papers present a startling picture of world affairs, from 1913 through the readjustment period following the Great War, and tell of the desperate effort of men and women in different countries to find some method of solving international problems without the wholesale destruction of peoples.

☞Scribners report that they have recently received letters addressed to three authors on their list, George W. Cable (d. 1925), Jules Verne (d. 1905), and Robert Louis Stevenson (d. 1894). These came in the same mail, together with a letter to the firm addressed "Messrs. Scribner, Welford, and Armstrong"—the name of the company before 1878.

☞André Maurois is adapting Laurence Housman's *Victoria Regina* for the French stage. ☞Eastman Brown and Pat Delhi have purchased the New Books department of Dauber & Pine, 66 Fifth Avenue. ☞Quote of the week, from *Time's* Nobel Prize story (issue of November 23): "To a man, U. S. literary folk applauded this year's prize selection."

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MAIDEN CASTLE, by the author of *Wolf Solent,* is the story of men and women whose first passions and faiths are gone. Its subject is their struggle to readjust themselves to life, told against the brooding, mysterious background of the Dorchester countryside. It will be of special interest to people over thirty.

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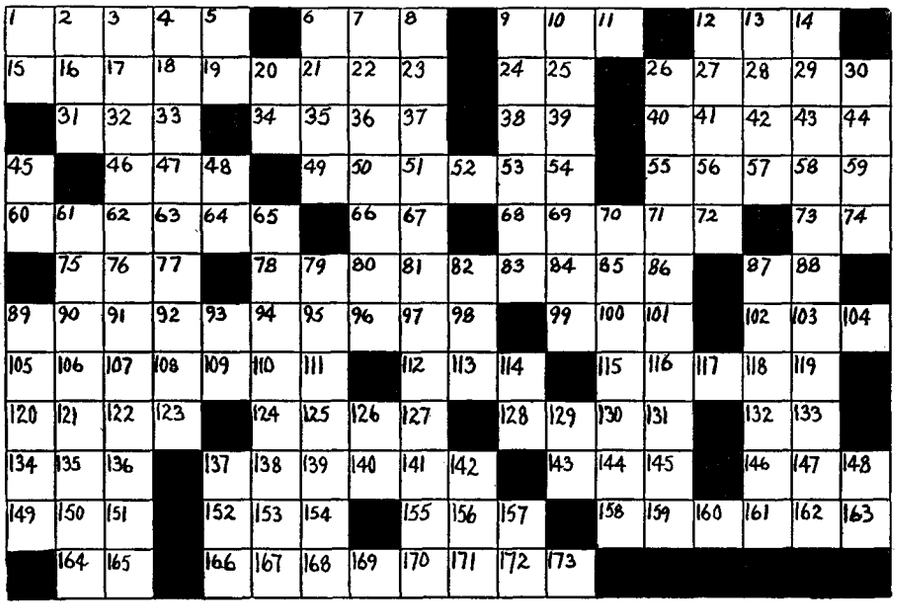
Double-Crostics: No. 140

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS

I. Play by Shakespeare.

II. To associate familiarly.

III. Character in "Lohengrin."

IV. Offended (slang).

V. Inherent qualities.

VI. Comic opera by J. Weinberger.

VII. Egyptian deity representing the sun's heat.

VIII. To rub or grate on.

IX. Greek goddess of peace.

X. Customary form of spelling.

XI. Right feeling.

XII. In a state of activity.

XIII. Spirit.

XIV. Envelops.

XV. Celebrated.

XVI. Unprofaned.

XVII. Old English walled city.

XVIII. The direct opposite.

XIX. Purely intellectual apprehension.

XX. Shrinks quivering.

XXI. Desists from exertion.

XXII. Boundless.

XXIII. Outline of regularly recurring events.

XXIV. High-wrought.

XXV. Breach.

WORDS

55 44 104 78 5 65 115

151 110 9 20 97 87

153 7 76 48 121 101 117

168 62 12 40 90 51

57 123 43 4 24 137 83 136 162 23

39 29 32 14 69 100 114 6

169 112 70 124 143

99 152 46 141 38 21 106 31 127

75 84 142 113 145

74 133 130 28 166

33 10 105 125 132 144 88

19 118 61 149 89

34 22 68 42 170 85

80 58 91 167 148 45 49

146 93 111 63 26 161 3 52

15 98 126 66 103 79 134 11 160

135 27 138 122 95 13 154

81 54 67 96 172 2 156 59 41 163

25 140 8 77 73 165

94 47 157 53 107 86

56 147 82 128 158

35 64 139 129 16 108 1 173

150 102 30 131 37 50 92 71

60 155 18 171 36 72 119

109 159 116 164 17 120

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 23)

and humorously, developed. His alternations between the feeling that two years is an eternity, and the very counting of his own pulse beats, are psychologically just. He is as vigorous and hard working as any parish priest, and as near godliness as any minister in fiction. Perhaps the actual death is a little long. And the last chapter, dealing with after-death, is at least debatable. But "Two Years" is without question a book which those readers who like Charles Morgan or Helen Waddell, any readers who enjoy intellectual mysticism, will read with avid interest. It is a good, thoughtful novel, and Arthur Livingston, who also translated a great deal of Pareto, has done the English reading world a real service in making it available.

F. W.

SALAVIN. By Georges Duhamel. Putnam. 1936. $2.75.

Among the most solid of M. Duhamel's recent accomplishments in fiction are the four short novels of the "Salavin" cycle. They have been brought together in an excellent English translation by Gladys Billings, and are now published here in one volume. Salavin, the petty clerk who seeks to become a saint, is perhaps the best imagined of the author's characters, and certainly the most original. His adventures in a modern world decidedly alien to all ideas of sanctity are touched with the requisite fantastic humor, with the result that in spite of a drab everyday background his story seems curiously remote from life.

Technically the cycle is brilliantly done, if annoying in its avoidance of ordinary narrative methods. The lack of unity and the limitations of the theme itself make the book less attractive for the average reader than the "Pasquier" cycle with which M. Duhamel is now busy. It is also a little difficult to estimate the satiric element in the book, as Salavin's eccentricities sometimes verge on insanity, and rob him of significance as a figure possessing universally understandable traits. Whatever pathos there is in his history centers around his wife and mother, the hero himself remaining a remarkable but rather disagreeable creation. In the absence of nearly all the usual sympathetic values of fiction, it is doubtful that M. Duhamel's book will find the public which his abilities should otherwise command.

T. P., Jr.

Travel

JOURNEY WITHOUT MAPS. By Graham Greene. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $2.75.

Starting in Sierra Leone, and thereby contriving to enter the back door, Graham Greene followed an unmapped, haphazard trail through the Liberian jungle until he came to Grand Bassa and the sea. He scrupulously avoided the travelled ways, the ways white men usually follow, always seeking the unknown with a self-conscious spirit of adventure. Mr. Greene is at his best in describing the decadence of British Freetown, where the journey began, and Monrovia, where

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it ended, both of them cul-de-sacs of imported nineteenth century culture, and in describing the mulattoes inhibited by two conflicting civilizations.

But this is not so much a tale of a jungle trek as it is the tale of how he saw Europe and Piccadilly through the African brush. For throughout the book T. S. Eliot, Baudelaire, René Clair, Siegfried Sassoon, and A. E. Housman are more immediate and real to him than the black carriers of his safari. Wanting to see the strange and the primitive, he cut throught the heart of Liberia by curious routes, and yet once confronted with the strange and the primitive he simply allowed it to stir up nostalgias and memories of the West. And when the coast was finally in sight he wanted to laugh and shout and cry, because "it was the end, the end of the worst boredom I had ever experienced, the worst fear and the worst exhaustion."

In his effort to bridge past to present, Europe to Africa, to weld all the fragments of his experience into some kind of final totality, Graham Greene has forgotten the African. Our impressions are mostly of the plain business of getting through the jungle. There is too much made of the simple mechanics of getting "chop" for the servants and carriers, too much guileless reference to the children of the blacks as "pickaninnies." There is a feeling that he has not thought very much about the phenomena of people in the dark stretch between Sierra Leone and Grand Bassa. You wonder why, after all, he went the back-door way.

H. C.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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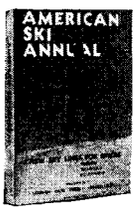

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